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"The Nation's Reading Habit"

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Sunday Feb. 24, 1935

Childhood Tragedies — by Percy Crosby *The Distinguished Creator of "Skippy"*



"Did ya hear about Jimmie? He's livin' at the Warehouse now and he's got all the furniture to hisself."

"Do ya think he'd get sore if we tried to horn in on it, do ya think?"

"Gee! I'm afraid we'll have to shiver around until Jimmie spills the invitation."

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"Murder" of Zoo's Ape That Caused Two Keepers to Die of Grief



"Ginger," the Super-Intelligent Ape, Mysteriously Poisoned by a Visitor to the San Francisco Zoo. The Photograph Shows Him With His Friend, Mr. Bistany, in Happier Days.

If some imaginative fictioneer wanted a fantastic plot for a story called "Death in the Zoo," he could not do better than build his yarn around an amazing sequence of events about which the citizens of San Francisco are still talking.

The story begins, as many good stories do, several years before death stalked through the narrative, taking off some of the principal characters. It goes back even before the time the late George Bistany was engaged as

superintendent of San Francisco's famed Fishers' Zoo.

Bistany got the job because he had an exceptional understanding of wild animals, more especially apes. He had spent several years in Africa and the Orient capturing animals for zoos and circuses. He was thoroughly convinced that certain members of the monkey family, especially the orang-utans, had a close kinship with human beings.

When the San Francisco zoo acquired two Borneo orang-utans, Ginger and Mickey, Bistany put them

in a cage with other apes, who violently attacked the newcomers. Bistany went into the cage and saved Ginger and Mickey, although both apes were badly injured and Bistany himself was painfully scratched and bitten. From that day on Ginger and Mickey were devoted to their rescuer.

The apes' affection for Bistany included John Van Bergen, keeper of the monkey house, and the four became the best of friends. Both Bistany and Van Bergen insisted that orang-utans have a definite language and more loyalty than most human beings.

One day somebody tossed a chunk of poisoned meat in Ginger's cage. The ape's piteous cries brought Bistany and Van Bergen running to the cage, but there was nothing they could do. Ginger died in agony.

A few hours after Ginger's death Bistany collapsed and was rushed to a hospital. He had been there two days when he was told that Van Bergen had dropped dead, a victim of heart failure.

"It may sound incredible," said Bistany, "but I believe that Van Bergen died of a broken heart. I know he was deeply upset over the way that we lost Ginger."

The doctors attending Bistany discovered that he had a kidney ailment, but they thought he would pull through all right. For days after the death of the ape who accepted Bistany as his god, and of the sudden passing of his assistant, the doctors looked for some improvement in the patient's condition. But he got steadily weaker and sicker. One of the last things he said before he joined Ginger and Van Bergen in death was that he hoped the fiend who slipped that deadly piece of meat in the ape's cage would be made to pay in full for his crime.

Superintendent Bistany With Two of the Zoo's "Babies" Just Before He Was Stricken Ill.



More than one person in San Francisco voiced the opinion that Bistany's grief at the tragic end of two of his closest friends—one of them an ape—hastened his own passing. And it



The Third Victim of the Ape "Murder." This is "Mickey," a Playful and Gentle Cage Mate of the Poisoned "Ginger," Who Died Soon After "Ginger's" Tragic End.

seemed to the doctors and nurses in the hospital that their patient had little desire to get well.

A lot of people scoffed at the idea that the zoo superintendent felt so much sympathy and affection for a beast that his life would be shortened by grief. They took a realistic view of the situation and said it was just a coincidence that his death—brought on by disease—came on the heels of the two deaths at the zoo.

But more than one individual with this opinion amended his idea about an unusual series of events when, the night after Bistany died, Mickey seemingly committed suicide. Instead of making himself a warm and protective bed of straw, as was his custom, the young orang-utan refused to eat the supper that attendants brought, turned his homely face to the coldest corner of the cage and seemingly went to sleep.

A few hours later, when a keeper tried to arouse the ape, he discovered a hairy form cold and stiffened in death.

The Front-Vision Umbrella

HUMAN beings have used umbrellas, in one form or another, for centuries. The Chinese used them long before the rise of Greece and Rome and the tribal chieftains of Africa employed crude umbrellas, or parasols, to protect them from the burning sun and the beating rains, long before the first white men set foot on the Dark Continent.

With the coming of the so-called Mechanized Era umbrellas were constantly improved. Even their shape was changed somewhat to better ward off the rain. Until recently, however, it seems that no one thought of a "Death in the Zoo," he could not do better than build his yarn around an amazing sequence of events about which the citizens of San Francisco are still talking.

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Colossal and Natural Sculpture of a Dog, Projecting Gargantuan-Like From a Huge Rock in the Baku Oil Territory on the Caspian Sea. The Image Was Wrought by the Elements.

Nature's Sculpture of a Dog

TIME and the elements, working on the sides of mountains and on boulders, manage to create some surprisingly artistic and life-like sculptures. The photograph above shows one such interesting accidental work of art which has become a landmark in Baku, on the west shore of the Caspian Sea.

Of course, the statue lacks some of the details of a three-dimensional statue done by a talented sculptor but it is a good enough representation of a hound dog and everyone who sees the eroded rock remarks on the likeness.

How many centuries it took the wind, the rain and the snow to make this sculpture no one knows, but the oldest residents of the oil fields of Baku say that "the dog," as they call the curiously formed rock, was there in the days of their great-grandparents.

Hard-headed individuals in Baku know that the huge natural sculpture is the result of erosion working on the strata of rock in the big boulder. Some of the layers were harder than others and withstood the weather

better. Softer layers were more quickly worn down.

But among the less intelligent people of the region there is a sort of legend that "the dog" came into being, through some mysterious force, to watch over the oil fields and keep the "black rascal" from falling in too great a quantity into the hands of foreign capitalists. They also have the notion that the statue is concerned with the health and well-being of the workers in the fields and the sailors who take the oil out of the port by the shipload.

Not many tourists take the trouble to include Baku in their itineraries and those who do are chiefly interested in the ancient part of the town, which was built by Arabs back in the ninth and tenth centuries. The weatherbeaten relics of some of these old Arab buildings are masterpieces of construction when it is considered that they were put up more than a thousand years ago.

Native guides usually insist, however, that alien visitors take a look at "the dog" which, they believe, watched over Baku even before it was an Arabian metropolis.

Amateurs Helping US in Weather Problems

THE scientists of Uncle Sam's Weather Bureau are scattered all over the country. They work hard and come as close as they can to forecasting, a day or two in advance, where it's going to rain and where the sun is going to shine; where the temperature is going to rise and where it's going to fall. But not all the observers are scientists. Many of them are amateurs whose daily reports contribute mightily to the conclusions of the technical experts. At the moment there are, here and there about the country, some 4,500 "cooperators" who work with Government instruments and who get no pay for their work. Most of these measures of temperature, of direction and speed of wind, etc., rate as novices—but they do a good job and Uncle Sam places a lot of dependence in them.

The Federal Government did not establish

its Weather Bureau, as a nation-wide and official department until 1870. It was then that official forecasting began. For many years before 1870 amateur weather prophets were numerous in this country and although most of these worked by rule-of-thumb methods they got a lot of fun in trying to guess what the elements were going to do and were right much of the time.

Within the past year or two the interest of non-professionals in predicting the weather has perked up again. The officials of the Weather Bureau ascribe this awakened interest to certain queer pranks that the elements have played during this period. Among those pranks are the Winter of 1933-34 and the drought that did so much damage last year. In some parts of the country the Winter of 1933-34 was uncommonly mild and in others new records for low temperatures were set.

She's "Perfect Aryan Girl"

HERLIN.

THANKS to the Nazi powers-that-be, 17-year-old Hildegard Maris is being published all over Germany as the "perfect Aryan girl." Her pictures have been put in hundreds of newspapers and magazines and column upon column of type has been used to convince Germans that she is a veritable Venus.

Experts on feminine comeliness in other European countries are frank to say that Fraulein Maris is an exceptionally good-looking young woman and they are equally outspoken when they label her a "propaganda beauty." The published stories lauding her face and her figure make much less of these obvious charms than they do of her "pure Aryan" blood.

Of course the new German queen of beauty has golden blonde hair, blue eyes and a pink-and-white complexion. She would have to possess these physiological details to be eligible for the honor that has been so lavishly bestowed upon her. If she lacked one of these items she would fall short of the current Nazi specifications.

It is no reflection on Fraulein Maris's eye-filling femininity to quote one eminent Frenchman who is celebrated all over the Continent as a beauty contest judge.

"I doubt," he said, "that Fraulein Maris herself could explain what a 'perfect Aryan' is. Scholarly students of the races of mankind disagree on the subject, most of them contenting themselves with the belief that the Aryans originally were Indo-Europeans who spread over Europe and of course, merged with other peoples."



Fraulein Hildegard Maris, 17, and Once a Midwesterner, Who Was Reported Engaged to Hitler. It Was Officially Denied, However, and the Fraulein's Presence at Government Headquarters Was Merely in Connection With Being Designated the Country's Most Nearly Perfect Aryan Girl.

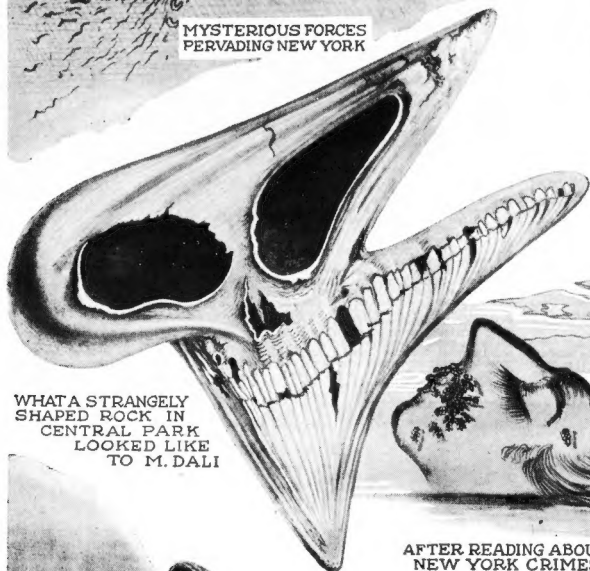
A San Francisco Woman's Invention. This Transparent Window for Umbrellas. Which Is Designed to Avert Street Accidents. The Transparent Material Folds Without Cracking.

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New York as Seen by the "Super-Realist" Artist, M. Dali



MYSTERIOUS FORCES PERVADE NEW YORK



WHAT A STRANGELY SHAPED ROCK IN CENTRAL PARK LOOKED LIKE TO M. DALI



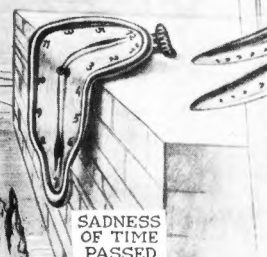
WOMAN OR HORSE? A PICTURE OF DOUBT



AVIATION TENDENCIES IN FASHION



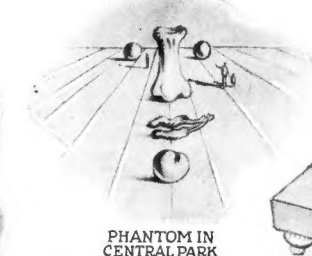
AFTER READING ABOUT NEW YORK CRIMES



SADNESS OF TIME PASSED



WOMAN'S INFINITE VARIETY



PHANTOM IN CENTRAL PARK



DREAM AFTER SEEING A MOVIE TRAGEDY



MUSIC-HALL PERFORMER



NEW YORK DREAM-- MAN FINDS LOBSTER IN PLACE OF PHONE

READERS of The American Weekly will recall a recent page of drawings by the "super-realist" artist, Salvador Dali, illustrating a book written by a lunatic. The drawings, which were worthy of the insane fantasies in the book, were recently on exhibition in New York, and M. Dali, who is a Spaniard, came over from his Paris studio to attend the exhibition.

M. Dali is the foremost of the super-realist artists who are trying to lead art away from old conventional lines. His impressions of New York are shown in the sketches on this page which were made for The American Weekly.

Super-realism goes far beyond realism and plunges into the realm of the subconscious, the fantastic and even the delirious. M. Dali makes many of his pictures when half asleep, or when waking from a troubled dream. He cannot always explain everything in them himself. The hard and often violent realities of New York life suggest fantastic visions to him. He sees mysterious forces rising from chimneys, leaves of bread and other ordinary objects that will shake the city to its foundations.

This remarkable artist cannot be sure whether an object seen in semi-darkness is a woman or one of our few remaining horses, and so he draws a picture recording his doubt. This also recalls the great truth that people who have seen the same object often disagree as to what they saw. M. Dali made these and other pictures with a luminous pencil.

He sees a stone in Central Park shaped something like a skull. It makes him think of the speed of death, and so he makes a picture of a skull with lines like an airplane.

Women's fashions appear to be developing along aviation lines and, strange to say, woman's body seems to him affected by the same tendency as revealed by the growths from her shoulders and hips.

A woman with a baby carriage has produced a strange and complicated impression in M. Dali's subconscious mind, which he transferred to paper when he was partly awake. It would require an expert in dream psychology to interpret this picture fully. It is supposed that the many varied occupations of the New York woman have had bewildering effects in the artist's mind.

Instead of a head, his figure has a baby carriage. That, of course, may be a reference to the maternal duties which still occupy many women. Her costume is very slight, which is in harmony with current fashions. But instead of feet, she has a pair of snails. Why snails? Snails are not typical of New York women.

M. Dali pictures his thoughts after seeing a motion picture tragedy in New York. A man has committed suicide on a vast grand piano, the telephone falling from his hand. A woman in agony bursts out of a rock rising from the piano. Blood gushes from this lonely instrument. Even the piano stool is in flames. The artist explains that he saw a motion picture a little like this, but he could not understand the title.

The sketch of a music-hall performer playing on a big bone as a cello was the outcome of an impression left by an eccentric New York entertainer.

Some unpleasant experiences have made him think it typical of New York life that a man should dream he was going to the telephone and find a bad lobster in its place. He had this idea when he woke in the morning.

A watch melting like soft Camembert cheese constantly occurs in M. Dali's thoughts as a symbol of time passed, or "the anguish of solid things, changed into soft ones in the hurly-burly of New York life."

Reading about the many crimes of New York causes M. Dali to dream of a man with decomposing face near the riverside, the ants crawling over his features, and he puts his dream on paper.

Saint—Or Swindler?



Mr. and Mrs. Vartiavaara, Whose Domestic Bliss Was Upset by the "Prophecies," Who Finally Took Charge of the Family, and Landed in Jail With the Man Whose Love She Had Suffered.

THE powers-that-be in Finland have many problems on their hands. The populace is clamoring for a reduction in taxes. The unemployed are demanding a chance to work. The country's statesmen are trying to steer the nation safely through the storm-lashed European political sea—but the most puzzling problem of all is what to do about Maria Akerblom.

Some time ago Maria Akerblom was arrested and put in jail. The charges against her were serious and many. She stole a woman's husband and abused that woman and her children. She had several people flogged. She ran into debt and either couldn't or wouldn't pay what she owed. A jury of her peers decreed that she should go to prison for her sins against society.

But that is only half the story. Ever since the day that she was put behind the bars the peasants of Finland have been calling upon the government to release her, and under the very eyes of an alert police they have been cir-

culating a petition that has found its way to every town and hamlet in the country. This petition, when it bears 10,000 names, will go to the President in Helsinki, who dreads the day when he'll be forced to do something about Maria Akerblom.

He knows that the peasantry looks upon Maria Akerblom as a saint with prophetic and supernatural powers. The State may have her listed as a crackpot and a crank—but that she foretold the revolt that shook her native land on the heels of the Russian uprising and

The Log Cabin in Which Maria Akerblom Lived. It Was Here, She Says, That the Visions First Came to Her.

rattled off a more or less accurate forecast of famine, plague and misery.

Her fame spread far beyond her native village and she set out on a sort of speaking tour. Her saintly manner and her eloquence swayed the peasantry wherever she went and it wasn't long before she had built up a vast numbering thousands. Her "sermons" were a curious mixture of religion and analyses of things to come. Usually the highlight of a sermon was when she closed her eyes and began to see "visions." Once she fell twelve feet from the high pulpit to the flag-stone floor of a church while sunk in a trance. Because she suffered no ill effects from this accident she was accepted by many people as an earthly saint.

Among Maria's converts was a young scientist named Eino Vartiavaara who joined her entourage and forced his wife and three children to go along with him to the town of Gammel Karleby where with money raised from her worshippers, Maria raised a huge tabernacle called the Palace of Creed.

Luxurious quarters for the "saint" were established in the tabernacle and she ruled the establishment with an iron hand. If servants aroused her ire she had them flogged. An army of hill collectors found it impossible to

get even a small part of the money that the prophetess owed. Finally Mrs.

Vartiavaara escaped from the strange headquarters of the sect and reported that she and her three children had been abused and that her husband was completely under Maria's spell.

An avalanche of lawsuits descended upon the mistress of the Palace of Creed. She countered with charges of slander and her army of converts stood by her. In their eyes Maria could do no wrong and everything she did was by "the Lord's orders."

Finally the Palace of Creed was sold for debt and its mistress was arrested and jailed on several of the charges brought against her. The government's action seemed sacrilegious to thousands of the peasantry who gathered to pray for the deliverance of their saint and began circulating petitions which will soon be put in the hands of the President. This busy and harassed executive, knowing that the peasants already are upset over economic conditions, will have to decide whether Maria Akerblom is saint or swindler.

Maria Akerblom, for Whom Thousands of Finns Are Circulating a Petition to Free Her From Jail and Permit Her to Carry on Her Strange Sect.

Trial Divorce Fails; Couple Happily Rewed

THE good people of St. Louis think that Mr. and Mrs. Oscar Kiefer deserve a medal, or something, for the shining example they have set young couples who rush to the divorce court as soon as the matrimonial going gets rough and who, figuratively speaking, tear each other to pieces with accusations and counter charges.

More than a year ago the Kiefers, after they had been married about three years, thought they had come to the parting of the ways. They got a divorce. But instead of parting in a storm of bitter words they calmly discussed a plan which, for want of a better term, they called trial divorce. From time to time they would see one another and, perhaps, discover that in the perspective of separation the misunderstandings and squabbles of "wedded bliss" were not as serious as they seemed.

That's exactly what they did discover. As Mrs. Kiefer put it, "Things we quarreled about when we were married did seem silly after we were separated." And Mr. Kiefer felt the same way about it.

Right after the divorce the husband went to live with friends about a block away from the comfortable home he and his wife had shared. His neighbors were mystified at the frequent visits he paid Mrs. Kiefer. They were even more puzzled when Mrs. Kiefer went to live with her father—because her house was rented to transients—and the visits of her divorced spouse continued. The couple, despite the fact that they were separated by the law, went out together. This caused a lot of talk, but they didn't mind and they, obviously, found a lot of enjoyment in each other's company.

The other day the principal in the trial divorce, smilingly admitted that the experiment had been a failure, stood up before a parson and said their vows all over again. They seemed as happy as any pair of young lovers could be and they were excited at the prospect of moving back into their home as soon as the tenants could move out.



Mrs. Oscar K. Kiefer, of St. Louis Who Again Is a Happy Bride Following the Failure of the Experiment in Trial Divorce Attempted by Her and Her Husband.



The Remains of Ancient American Indian, Supposed to Be Chiefs, Were Found Near the Temple. These Head Men Are Believed by Archaeologists to Have Led Hordes Over the Country Long Before Columbus Arrived. And Above—The Site of the Temple as It Appeared When the Excavations Were Completed.

Ancient Temple Unearthed in Tennessee Valley

ARCHAEOLOGISTS digging in the Tennessee Valley, not far from Norris Dam, recently unearthed an ancient temple site with seventeen well-preserved skeletons resting on platforms of hard clay. This interesting and exciting discovery, which is expected to throw considerable new light on the customs of the Indian tribes that occupied the North American continent centuries before the first white men set foot on the shores of the Western Hemisphere, was made on the banks of the Clinch River, a tributary of the Tennessee. It is this river that is just now occupying the attention of the Federal Government as the probable center of a new and well-developed industrial and agricultural section.

It is impossible to tell just how long ago the temple was built, but the condition of certain pieces of

cedar wood found with the clay of the temple indicates beyond a reasonable doubt that the humans whose remains were found in the ruins of the structure lived and died several hundred years before Columbus set sail on the memorable voyage that added a couple of continents to the known world.

The layout of the temple led the scientists to believe that it was a sort of shrine where the chiefs of the tribe were laid away with more than a little ceremony. Apparently the level on which the skeletons were found was the flat top of a pyramid because there were hard clay steps leading up to it. These steps were made of cedar wood and were so well worn that generations of people must have walked up and down them to pay homage to their dead leaders.

It is possible that further digging in the region may bring to light implements and utensils that will help date the old temple and make it possible to piece together something of the history of the people who once ruled this area, picked as the location for one of the most ambitious and expensive projects of the present Administration. Perhaps the soil round about the temple site is rich in relics of the tribes whose custom it was to bury their rulers somewhat in the manner of the ancient Egyptians or the Aztecs.

Indian mounds have been found, here and there about the country, and have yielded a great deal of information about the one-time masters of the New World, but few of them have excited as much interest as the long-lost shrine on the banks of the Clinch River.

Inventor's New Triumph; It Exercises the Toes

IF Americans went around barefoot as certain more primitive people do, they undoubtedly would have better feet than most of us have. It is no fault of the enterprising shoe manufacturers that thousands of sets of human feet are not all they should be. Shoes are well made and, if the buyers use good judgment, are comfortable. But it is probable that Mother Nature, when she put toes on the human foot, intended that those digits should get a lot more exercise than they do in the most sensible of shoes.

Of course, people in this country can't go around shoesless, like the carefree aborigines of the African jungle or the happy inhabitants of the South Sea Isles, but they can exercise their feet and many an inventor has figured out devices to help them do just that.

The photograph below shows one of the latest of these devices. It was shown at the recent Inventors' Congress in Los Angeles and is called the "foot normalizer." Dr. W. L. Pullman, who lives in the city where the inventors exhibited and demonstrated their interesting brain children, believes that his ingenious gadget could correct a lot of the foot ills that beset his fellow men.

The invention is a small, oblong box made something on the order of a bellows. When the foot is placed on the upper surface of the bellows and pressed down, the machine works something like a treadmill. When the pressure is stopped the upper surface of the bellows rises and, of course, the foot comes up with it. This exercises the foot, fore and aft, so to speak. It supposedly strengthens the ball of the foot, the arch and the ankle.

But this is not all the "foot normalizer" does. On either side of the machine is a bar with little knobs along the top of it. To these knobs a sort of flat hook can be attached. The hook, as can be seen in the picture, goes around one toe at a time. As the foot is moved up and down on the bellows this hook gently spreads the toe away from the other toes and thus exercises the foot sideways and provides something of the free and natural action that savages get when they walk about in their bare feet. The hook can be put about any toe or take in two or three toes at a time, so that the entire foot may be "normalized."



The "Foot Normalizer" Being Demonstrated. Foot Pressure Operates the Machine Which Moves Little Gadgets That Exercise the Toes and Muscles of the Feet.

Who Owns the Pearl That Grew in Margot's Oyster?

Unusual Problems of Ethics, Manners and Law
in the Four-Cornered Fight for a \$1,900

Gem Which Hid in the Half-Shell
on the Unguarded Plate of the
Night Club Entertainer

Who
All Her
Life Had
Waited for
Just Such a Find

This Is the Shell
That Held the Pearl
That Sadie Found in
Margot's Oyster.

MISS MARGOT KING, an attractive Chicago night-club entertainer, was having a night off under the NRA code recently, and was celebrating by taking dinner with friends in another night-club. Somewhat like the sailors who spend their shore leave rowing around on Central Park Lake in New York.

But there was another reason. Night-club entertainers will tell you that since the bottom fell out of a number of things, invitations to eat have been notoriously scarce. Margot had such an invitation. So here she was at a table in the Ranch Cafe—not at the theatre, or at a bowling alley, but at another night-club looking pert and pretty in a fancy blouse and skirt and eating oysters. Opposite her was Nino Rinaldo, orchestra leader at the "Chez Paree" night-club, who was paying for the oysters and beside her was Mrs. Sadie Stearns, the manager of "The Gay Nineties" cafe, where Margot danced and entertained, and whose dinner Mr. Rinaldo was also paying.

Nino had ordered some venison and Mrs. Stearns, a steak.

Mr. Rinaldo, handsome and affable, was a charming host. Margot, contentedly, happy in the knowledge that when she finished her oysters on the half-shell, a steak with mushrooms would follow. Mrs. Stearns, too, was content and enjoying the novelty of having someone buy her a meal. It was broad thrown upon the waters, for once upon a time when she was without a job and broke she had permitted Rinaldo to eat in her place "on the cuff," which means on credit.

"It certainly is grand of you to take us to dinner," Margot said admiringly. "Not at all," the handsome Rinaldo answered. "We are all pals, aren't we? All in the same rack—I mean business. Get along, don't we?"

"There's somebody who seems to know you, Margot," interrupted Sadie, indicating a man at a nearby table.

Two of the oysters had slipped through Margot's lips and down. In the act of spearing a third, she turned around and flashed a smile of recognition.

"Excuse me," she said, and gave a long lingering look at the four oysters remaining, put down her fork and arose from the table.

Alas, poor Margot! Shortly she returned. There was much excitement as her table and she saw at once that one of her oysters was gone. Mrs. Stearns cried:

"Margot! Look what I found!" and she held up a pearl of the size of a marble and lustrous and shot through with blue.

"Where did you get it?" asked Margot.

"From the oysters, silly!" said Sadie. "But that was my oyster!" Margot cried.

"They were your oysters," Sadie snapped, "but you left them, didn't you? Finders are keepers, baby!"

"Now, now, girls," interposed Mr. Rinaldo, "the thing probably isn't worth a dime. Let's not spoil a perfect evening."

But the evening was spoiled for Margot. All her life she had read of people finding pearls in oysters and dreamed that some day she would find one. Maybe it would be worth two or three thousand dollars and this was one of the reasons why Margot always ordered oysters. Now she had and a fork already poised to spear an oyster that held such a pearl—and what had happened? That woman had taken not only her oyster, but a small fortune that was in it. Probably she would

This Is the Pearl That Hid in the Oyster That Sadie Took From Margot's Plate.

This Is the Mouth That Found the Pearl That Hid in the Shell of Margot's Oyster.

never again come across an oyster with a pearl in it. Tears found their way down her cheeks and dropped upon the remaining three oysters. She couldn't eat.

"I am going home," she said. "Okay, be a hum sport," Mrs. Stearns is said to have replied. And Mr. Rinaldo, annoyed, pushed his own plate of venison back from him and remarked that he could have more fun bossing his orchestra.

A week later Margot lost her appetite completely. The news had gotten around that the pearl was real. So real, that Mrs. Stearns had sold it to a jeweler for \$1,900! Those who doubted it could see her certified check.

If not convinced then there was the pearl itself on display in the window of Mr. Harry Elkins' jewelry shop in the Loop. It rested in splendor on a cushion of black velvet. Margot went and looked at it. After taking several long looks she consulted Robert L. Cohen, well-known Chicago attorney. He informed her that she had a gem of a case and right away filed a petition in the Superior Court of Cook County asking an injunction against the jeweler, restraining him from displaying the pearl and demanding that it be returned to the plaintiff.

Said Margot in her complaint: "Plaintiff alleges that the oysters which she ordered looked very tempting to the said Mrs. Sadie Stearns, plaintiff further alleges that before she finished her order of oysters she left for a few moments to talk to a friend at another table. Plaintiff further alleges that Mrs. Sadie Stearns reached over and took one of the oysters on the half-shell from plaintiff's plate."

This, of course, was the shell that held the pearl. And Mr. Cohen added, "Sadie Stearns and her department are involved in this case. We shall contend that Mrs. Stearns' department was awful when she filched the oyster; when she sold the pearl she was without this pearl, the inmate she had the right to do so, she shows herself to be without morals."

"Plaintiff further alleges that there was in said half-shell which the said Mrs. Sadie Stearns took from the plaintiff's plate an oriental pearl valued at the sum of Nineteen Hundred Dollars (\$1,900). Plaintiff further alleges that when she came back to her table she was advised by the said Mrs. Sadie Stearns that an oriental pearl was found in said oyster shell. Plaintiff further alleges that she requested the said Mrs. Sadie Stearns to turn said oriental pearl over to her and advised the said Mrs. Sadie Stearns that it is her understanding that the law in the State of Illinois is that a finder does not obtain legal possession thereof, but that the legal possession always remains with the

owner.

Rinaldo ends his petition in this wise:

"There are no citations or authorities on this particular question, this being the first time that this particular point of law is involved. The decision in this case should set a precedent for future generations in this country."

But just about then the Ranch Cafe began to take notice. Its manager took a look at the pearl in Mr. Elkins' window and went right back and got a lawyer for itself. The pearl, said the Ranch, belonged to it, and for the following reasons, set down in its claim as intervening petitioner:

"My intervening petitioner further alleges that in the operation of its business it sells a high grade brand of oysters on the half-shell and also steaks and food prepared in Western style."

"It further alleges that it is purely in the restaurant and cafe business and under its charter is not allowed to sell anything other than foodstuffs and beverages and particularly is not engaged in business to sell pearls, jewelry or ornaments."

"Therefore, your petitioner prays that Margot King, Mrs. Sadie Stearns and Nino Rinaldo be ruled by this Honorable Court to answer this intervening petition within ten days from the date thereof; and your intervening petitioner claims that neither said Margot

This Is Mrs. Sadie Stearns, Who Helped Herself to the Oyster and Claimed the Pearl Was Hers Because She Found It.

loser; that in this particular instance the said Mrs. Sadie Stearns had no right or authority to take the oyster from the plate of the plaintiff."

And, in brief, that therefore Sadie had no right to sell the pearl to Mr. Elkins.

Mr. Rinaldo, hearing of all this, strolled down past Mr. Elkins' shop, and looking at the pearl in Mr. Elkins' window, he seems to have forgotten all about chivalry, "women first" and so on. What he wanted was the pearl.

So through Attorney James C. Renshaw he filed his own claim. He owns the pearl, he thinks, because, according to his filed claim:

First, that he invited both Mrs. Stearns and Margot King to the Ranch Cafe for dinner and had he not done so no oysters would have been purchased nor pearls discovered by either of the women.

Second, in inviting the two ladies to dinner there was an implied contract between Margot King and Mrs. Sadie Stearns that he was to purchase a dinner and not pearls—or other jewelry.

Third, that he, and no one else, paid for the oysters in which the pearl was found and possession to the meals and to the oysters was in him until they had been consumed.

Fourth, Mrs. Sadie Stearns is not entitled to possession because the oysters were not purchased by her or for her and she took the undue liberty of helping herself to something that did not belong to her.

Fifth, Margot King is not entitled to possession for the reason possession remained in him, Nino Rinaldo, until oysters were consumed; and so long as an oriental pearl, the petitioner never gave up possession.

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King, Mrs. Sadie Stearns, Harry Elkins nor Nino Rinaldo are entitled to possession and title is in your intervening petitioner, the Ranch Cafe."

In answer to the corporation's prayer, Mrs. Sadie Stearns and the jeweler, Harry Elkins, filed a joint response in the Superior Court of Cook County, which, in part, reads:

"The defendant, Mrs. Sadie Stearns, admits that she found an oriental pearl as charged but states the fact to be that she, as first person to discover the pearl in said oyster is entitled to the possession of it as against the claims of any and all of the parties hereto, the only exception being the oyster itself; the impossibility of this fact being self-evident."

"Defendant admits that the Ranch Cafe is only selling foods and beverages and that they are not in the jewelry business, as set out in their intervening petition, and therefore, by said admission, said cafe is not entitled to said pearl, claimed as jewelry, and which the said cafe never owned, actually or constructively and never had knowledge that in the particular oyster consumed by this defendant, said pearl existed."

To Rinaldo's claim the two answer: "Rinaldo's claim to said pearl is no valid as would be the claim of the wholesaler who sold said oyster, and said pearl being a product of Nature, or Fructus Naturales, belongs to the first person finding it, and therefore prays this Honorable Court, in behalf of herself and Harry Elkins, the innocent purchaser thereof, to find judgment for the defendants."

Although there appear to be no legal precedents to guide to him, where-in is involved ownership of an oyster pearl, Attorney Cohen says he is ready to cite the ancient case known as Harlee versus Jones, which should still hold good in modern courts.

It seems Durfee bought an old safe

and soon afterward instructed his agent to sell it. The latter left it with Jones, at his shop, for sale, authorizing him to keep his books in it until it was sold or reclaimed.

The former, it told, did not buy the money when he purchased the safe; but as between the two he who first acquired possession was entitled to retain it.

"Then there is the case of Hamaker versus Blanchard," Attorney Cohen declared. Hamaker, a domestic in a hotel, found money in the hotel parlor. She gave it to Blanchard, the proprietor, to return to the owner. The latter was not found and Blanchard refused to give up the money to Hamaker. The court held that Hamaker was entitled to the money because the hotel used a public place and the owner not in exclusive possession of the parlor where the money was found."

Before Chicago judges are through with the case, they may wish they could oystering themselves long enough to get a hint on it from a good, live bed of oysters.

Oysters, like Chimmamen, all look pretty much alike and the original oysterman who pulled that particular oyster out of its muddy bed, has no way of knowing, much less proving, that it was in his catch, or he will probably not come forward with a claim.

And what about the poor old oyster, who produced the pearl, unnamed? Mrs. Stearns removed that party from the proceedings by eating him. Even if he were alive, it would make no difference. An oyster has no more friends than a taxpayer.



This Is Nino Rinaldo, Who Bought for Margot the Oyster That Held the Pearl, and Who Sues for It, Alleging He Was Treating to Food and Not Jewels.

This Is Miss Margot King, Who Claims the Pearl Because the Oyster in Which It Grew Was Bought for Her, Not for Sadie.

This Is Mrs. Sadie Stearns, Who Helped Herself to the Oyster and Claimed the Pearl Was Hers Because She Found It.

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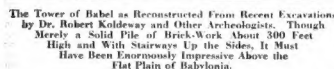
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***French Engineers
Already Considering
One a Mile-and-a-
Quarter in Height for
Defense of Paris—and
Even Ten Miles Not
the Limit of Possibility***

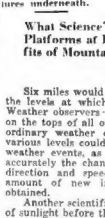
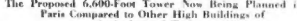


Aside from its value in defence of the city in war, advocates of the tower see two chief ways in which it would be useful; in scientific study of the atmosphere and in experiments on human health at high levels in the air.

What Science Platforms at Profits of Mount

Six miles would the levels at which Weather observers—on the tops of all ordinary weather—various levels could weather events, as accurately the change in direction and speed amount of new information obtained.

Another scientific of sunlight before the

[illegible]

better combination of strength and lightness. Present aluminum alloys, while substantially lighter than steel, have a smaller resistance to crushing, so that the highest possible tower made of these alloys would be several hundred feet shorter than the six-mile steel one. However, engineers ever succeed in developing light alloys of aluminum or other metals which have strengths close to the strength of steel, it might be possible to use these to construct a tower closer to the theoretical limit of ten miles high.

Noble Dogs, a Judas Dog, and a Dog Burglar

The Dog That Has Waited 10 Years For His Dead Master and Sees His "Ghost"; the Dogcatcher's Dog That Catches Other Dogs For Him; the Dr. Jekyll-and-Mr.-Hyde Dog That Looted the Little Fishing Village



Bosco, the Friend-by-Day and Thief-by-Night Dog That Had All the Fishing Villagers Arousing Each Other of Stealing.

BOSCO appeared in the little fishing village of Lettie, New Brunswick, one day last Summer and started getting acquainted. He was big and brown and shaggy, and although of uncertain ancestry, perfectly amiable, gentlemanly and with a way about him. They liked Bosco in Lettie and gave him his name.

Bosco became everybody's dog. Everyone fed him, but no one knew where he stayed at night or what he did after dark. One morning he would come strolling across the fields from Masebin Point as meek as a lamb, and the next he would be seen trotting sedately from some other direction.

Not long ago the peaceful atmosphere of the village was troubled by a series of mysterious thefts. In Lettie, the people trust each other. They do not bolt their doors nor lock the cupboards and cabinets of their boats. But now shoes, gloves, sweaters, towels, even saucers and butter knives, were missing. The fishermen and farmers would discover a bad look, or maybe a pair of pliers, missing. Men and women put their heads together and whispered. Neighbors began to suspect each other. The minister preached a sermon on the sin of stealing.

But the culprit did not hear the sermon, and would not have understood it if he had—for the culprit was Bosco.

It had not occurred to anyone to suspect Bosco—for what use would a dog have for a coffee pot, a pillow case, stockings, a necktie or a flashlight? Besides, Bosco was looked upon as one of the stout and respectable members of the community.

Yet it was sadly true. In the daytime Bosco was canine Dr. Jekyll, but at night he was a four-footed Mr. Hyde. Early one morning little Tom Harris saw him looting across a snow-covered field with something trailing after him. Thinking he was out for a romp, Annie started to chase him and got close enough to see that he was dragging a blanket. But when the dog caught sight of her, he took a better hold on the blanket and raced away, disappearing in the woods around Masebin Point.

Annie told her father, who picked up the trail in the snow and presently came upon a well-beaten path over which Bosco had evidently traveled many times. The path led to a cave on a rocky hillside, and at the entrance Tom Harris was confronted by a wild dog that had little resemblance to the peaceful Bosco he had known.

Bosco must have had a conscience—of a sort—for he realized that he was guilty, without being accused. He leaped from the cave, snarling and snapping until he drove Harris away. A little later Harris returned, accompanied by Earl Dupont, the carrying officer. They whistled, snapped their fingers and spoke coaxing words. But

Bosco was under the sway of the savage side of his dual personality. He was trapped and knew it, and so ferocious that the men had to shoot him.

Inside the cave Harris and Dupont found the things Bosco had stolen, an odd assortment, including utensils, tools, wearing apparel, food and clothing and books. A mong other things, they found a pair of iron candlesticks and a Bible.

Tag, a German pointer dog, owned by Jack Young, of New Castle, Pennsylvania, is not a criminal, but he could hardly be called noble. At least, no other dog would call him that. If the other dogs that know him could call him anything at all, the name would probably be "Judas"—for Tag has been trained to betray them. Together they roam the streets, and when Young sees a stray dog he hisses: "Sick 'em, Tag! Go get 'em!"

If the stray dog is small, Tag bounds after it, throws it and grips it tightly with his forelegs, and holds it until Young arrives—to snare it and carry it away to the city pound. But if the vagrant is large and worldly-wise, Tag is more cunning about making the arrest. Young remains in the background, and Tag trots up to the victim, making friendly overtures, and exchanging canine greetings. Then, having won the loose dog's confidence, he pounces on it and hangs on until Young arrives. In one respect, Tag is a good deal like a human policeman. As long as a prisoner is meek and submissive, Tag is reasonably considerate. But if a dog resists arrest, he becomes mean and rough. Any dog that wants a fight out of tag can always get it, and he has the reputation of never having had a prisoner escape from him.

Among these dogs which faithful-ness has earned them the right to be called noble, few can equal the record of Shep, a Scotch shepherd, which has been keeping a vigil at St. Anthony's Hospital in Rock Island, Illinois, for



Tag, the Judas Dog, Demonstrating How He Catches and Holds Other Dogs Until His Master, the Dogcatcher, Comes Up With Him, Not.



Shep, Waiting in the Corridor of the Rock Island Hospital for a Master Who Went Up in the Elevator Ten Years Ago and Never Came Down in It Again.

the past ten years. Kidnapers, or, rather, dogcatchers, managed on one occasion to break Shep's vigil. But not for long. Within twenty-four hours he was back at his post. Four hours he was back at his post, muddy and travel-stained, to resume his hopeless watch at the hospital elevator, where more than a decade ago he saw his master carried upward to the operating room.

Shep, hardly more than a pup at that time, loved his master, Francis McMahon, of Erie, Ill., and the dog's main ambition in life was not to lose the man. One day the master fell down the cellar stairs and instead of getting up, lay still and motionless. That was not right, so Shep let go sharp, hysterical barks until someone came. The dog almost ran himself to death, keeping up with a shrieking automobile that carried the master to a big building, full of uninteresting chemical and small smells and not one scent of a cat, dog or rat. Panting and dripping from the dog followed the master as far as the elevator, where someone said, "Get out!" and slammed the door. That was all right. It had happened before and Shep thought he knew all that a dog needs to know about elevators. You just lie down where you can see the doors of every

elevator, if there are more than one, and where your tail and paws won't get stepped on and you watch. The elevator keeps coming down, the doors keep opening to fool you by letting out men and women of no importance at all. But if you wait long enough the master himself will step out, looking for you, and there will be a glad reunion.

Shep was right about the general rule but this was an exception. The master had a fractured skull and died right on the operating table. So the remains of Mr. McMahon were silently trundled down a long corridor and eventually removed by another elevator and in a wooden case to a black automobile which did not shriek and was not in such a hurry.

After the funeral someone located Shep still watching that elevator door and tried to take him away. But the dog made so much resistance the sisters of St. Anthony's suggested that the animal be allowed to remain until he had satisfied himself that his dead master was not going to step out of that door. They would take care of the dog until he saw fit to leave. That was quite a contract they undertook, because after more than ten years they are still working on it, feeding, bath-

ing and occasionally letting him out for a brief run. On these occasions he never gets out of sight of the entrance and dashes back, like a flash, to thrust his muzzle against the calves of any man who emerges. The dog may have forgotten what his master looked like, but his nose remembers what he smelled like.

Shep is now an elderly dog, more than eleven years old, and besides dog has begun to require medical attention. The doctors are glad to give this, because the animal is something of a celebrity and has furnished the personnel of the institution with a fascinating problem—what is it that Shep sees or imagines he sees at night? There is no doubt that on many nights, when all is silent in the great house of pain, Shep, seeking from his sleep, perks his head and cocks his ears as he always does when he hears the whirring sound of the descending lift. But on these occasions, there is no whirling and it is not descending. Yet he runs to the door, and though they do not open he acts just as if they did and as if someone he knew had stepped out.

With furiously wagging tail and glad whines, he rears up on his hind legs, as if to put his paws on the invisible friend. But the empty air lets him down on all fours. Then he milfs, looks puzzled, and frantically runs around with his nose to the floor, as if to follow the scent of someone.

Of course, this might be interpreted that once in a while the master's ghost returns from the other world to reward the faithful watcher by a glimpse of his body. The medical staff of the hospital held a sort of clinic on the question.

"No ghost," they decided, "but a canine hallucination, based on the fixed idea, always frustrated, that the

master will step out of that elevator. Dogs dream, as everyone knows. No doubt he dreams that happy wish-fulfillment more than any other. His hallucination would be merely his dream vision carried into his waking state, as sometimes happens to human beings."

Such was the diagnosis by the highest authority in the institution but later something happened which started another school of thought among some of the sisters and all the kitchen help. It seems that two sisters passing softly by saw the well-known preliminary symptoms that the dog was having the dream that precedes the vision and stopped to watch. Shep went through his usual behavior, but it was what happened to the two sisters that marked the occasion.

Both thought they heard the whirring of the descending car and that they saw the door fly open, which was impossible because when they looked inside they found it was empty. Shep dashed forward, bounding about with glad yips, and a "bluish light" playing about him. The two sisters fled.

Investigation found the car on an upper floor, where it belonged, and no sign that it had been moved. The sisters watching considered this new manifestation a decided deviation from the old pattern. The sisters watching considered this new manifestation a decided deviation from the old pattern.

On a recent Saturday evening, someone noticed that Shep had absent himself longer than his usual few minutes run, so the door was opened expecting to find the animal patiently waiting outside but he was gone from the grounds entirely. At once everyone from the Mother Superior down knew that something had happened and were concerned. The roads in the vicinity were searched and the police questioned on the theory that the dog had been run over.

Sunday evening, there was a whine and scratch at the door. Shep had never done this. They let in a dirty, famished, exhausted dog, the worn condition of the pads of his paws revealing that he had run many a weary mile over modern concrete highways. His first act was to sniff the floor carefully between the elevator doors and then to satiate himself that the master had not taken this unfortunate occasion to walk out. Then he was ready to accept a hearty dinner and submit to a bath.

There seems to be little doubt that Shep is kidnaped—probably by someone with a morbid interest in seeing if the dog's long vigil could be broken.

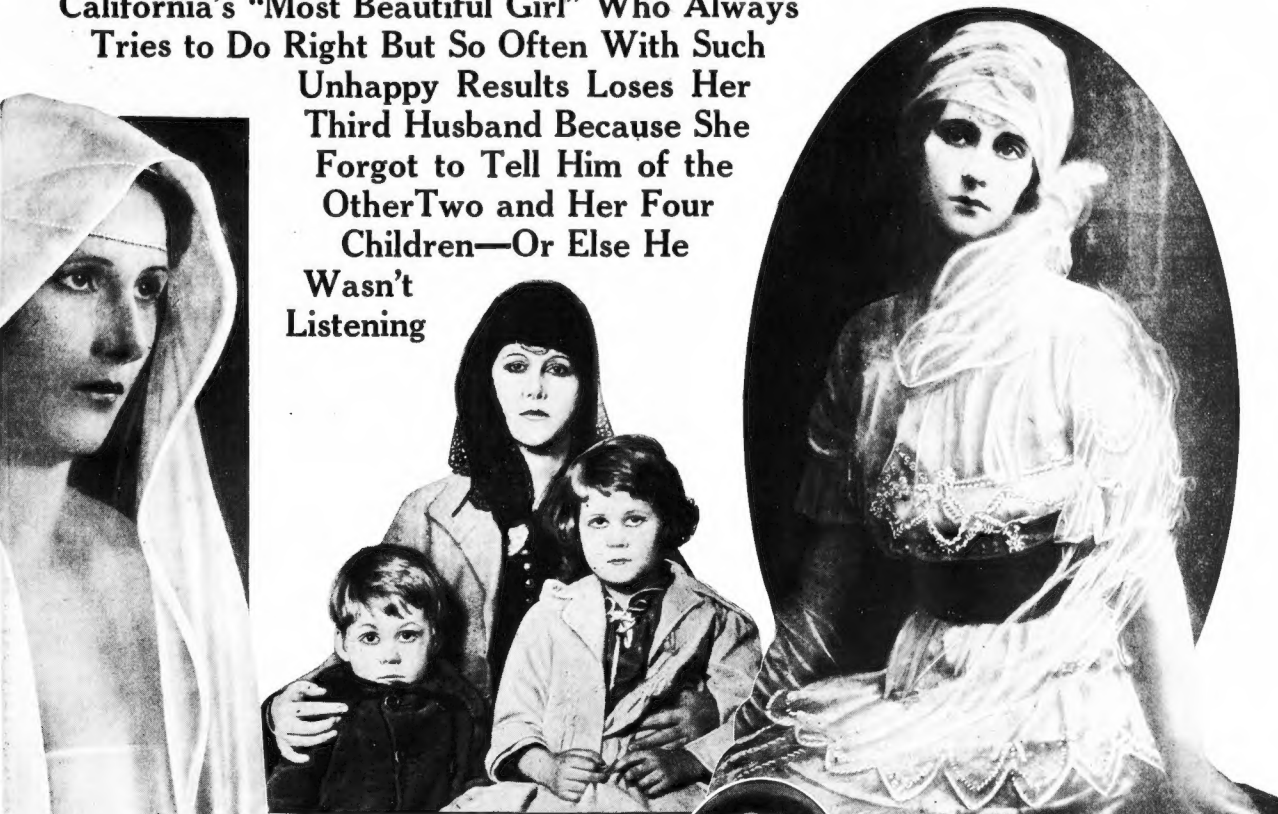
Among the dog heros of the past year is Jackie, a fox terrier, who saved the lives of three little girls in Brooklyn, New York. Louise Meyers, 5, and her sisters, Madeline, 4, and Ellen, 2, were playing in the family room when Jackie while their mother was out shopping. A pot of soup boiled over, the flames went out, and gas from the stove filled the room—making the children unconscious. Jackie's frantic yelping attracted attention—and a doctor arrived in time to revive the dog's little playmates.



Jackie, the Fox Terrier Hero That Saved the Lives of the Three Little Girls in the Photograph—Madeline, Ellen and Louise Meyers.

Lovely Mil Abercrombie Does the Wrong Thing Again?

California's "Most Beautiful Girl" Who Always Tries to Do Right But So Often With Such Unhappy Results Loses Her Third Husband Because She Forgot to Tell Him of the Other Two and Her Four Children—Or Else He Wasn't Listening



Milo When She Was Clashing With Her Second Husband, Lieut. Swenson, Over the Custody of Her Two Children, Cecilia and Lawrence, Whom She Was Charged With Kidnaping.

Milo as the "Madonna" in the Production, "The Resurrection"—Another Disappointment to Her. (Photo by Moore and Clarke.)

MIL MAGDALENE ABERCROMBIE VON BRINCKEN SWENSON DE FLORES, California's unfortunate beauty who so often manages to do the wrong thing, seems to have done it again.

After a long chain of mistakes, in which she had always tried so hard to do right but always missed the target, culminated in 1927, she found herself in contempt of court, a fugitive from justice and the kidnaper of her own children. This was so uncomfortable that she is said to have vowed never to make another important decision without consulting some extraordinarily careful, conservative person.

By means of this or some other change of policy she was able to square things with the courts, return to California and at least avoid making any more mistakes sufficiently serious to get her into the papers. Then, in 1930, she ran into that ancient and knotty problem on which even the oldest and shrewdest have guessed wrong—marriage.

Marriage being a gamble and a lottery, nobody could guarantee that the fascinating, naturalized Frenchman, Pedro J. Ch. De Flores, who had discarded the proud title of Marquis to become an American citizen, would or would not prove the ideal husband to make her happy. Though an ultra-conservative person, after reading the record of her two previous weddings might have advised that in her case two strikes at matrimony were enough.

So she used her own judgment and arrived him. It might have been all right at that, if she hadn't misread somehow on an important detail of that marriage. The former nobleman in his divorce complaint, says that she disgraced his noble family by not revealing her past.

fortunate dilemma might decide, many would approve her judgment. But lovely Milo Magdalene was not in any such predicament because she had no shameful past to hide. Yet, apparently she went through the agony of making the dreadful but needless decision—and decided wrong.

All that De Flores asserts she forgot to tell him was that she had been legitimately married twice, and had four perfectly legitimate children. This was all open and above board and no disgrace. Even if the Americanized nobleman preferred to be the first man in her life instead of number three, had she told him while his love was still fresh and ardent, no doubt he would have overlooked it. Since these were matters of recorded vital statistics she might have known that her husband would learn of them sooner or later.

Like so many others recently, they were married in Reno, Nevada. That enterprising, go-getting divorce mill has made itself also quite a Gretna Green, thus assuring itself of plenty of future customers. It has been said that the depression was caused because mass production did not provide for sufficient masses of consumers—but not Reno. The ex-Marquis says that he married Milo under her maiden name, which the courts had given her the right to resume. But he had written his family, and it had been published in the French papers, what a charming innocent American maiden he was taking to wife.

As far as the family over there was concerned they might never have known any better but for an act of mistaken kindness in the French Consulate at San Francisco on whose staff happened to be a young man who knew Pedro's brother. This attitude, not suspecting that the family and even the husband were ignorant of the bride's interesting history, compiled a bunch of newspaper clippings from the files of the consulate and mailed them to Milo's brother-in-law.

Even so, the family over there was concerned they might never have known any better but for an act of mistaken kindness in the French Consulate at San Francisco on whose staff happened to be a young man who knew Pedro's brother. This attitude, not suspecting that the family and even the husband were ignorant of the bride's interesting history, compiled a bunch of newspaper clippings from the files of the consulate and mailed them to Milo's brother-in-law.

There was a conference of the De Flores clan with much weeping and gnashing of noble teeth. When Pedro finally came to the end of the honeymoon and started to catch up on the many weeks of accumulated mail, he found a fat package from France, containing those fatal clippings and vigor-

ous comment from his brother, as spokesman of the family. How could a man get so misinformed on a matrimonial deal? He considered that the family honor had been sullied and only divorce would remove the spot from the De Flores escutcheon.

But it was not entirely impossible, according to some of the bride's friends. They say that Mrs. De Flores is such a fluent talker, that unless the listener interrupts occasionally, his attention is likely to wander. According to them, quite often when Milo has something important to announce, she leads up to it with so many preliminary words, that when, at last she reaches the point, nobody is listening. De Flores, being a polite Frenchman, never interrupted and therefore if, as and when his fiancée informed him that she had enjoyed four blessed events and two previous husbands he may not have been listening.

Even so, Milo ought to have suspected that something was wrong or he would have expected some comment. Even if he did not scream "Mon Dieu!" common politeness would have made



Lieutenant L. K. Swenson, Milo's Second Husband, Married Her.

him at least say: "How interesting."

But, as it was, he did not believe her, causing long, tearful arguments and no happiness at all until finally she went away without leaving any address.

"The conduct of this defendant," he asserts, "has proved cruelly disappointing to this plaintiff and has made continuance of the marital relationship, miserable, intolerable and impossible."

Little Milo Magdalene Abercrombie reached the age of eighteen without making any notably wrong guesses; perhaps her father, Gustav Milo Abercrombie, of an old Alabama family and her mother, a Southern beauty, decided matters for her. At that time, there was no doubt that she was an exceptionally pretty girl. Then she happened to run into the late Harrison Fisher in a San Francisco hotel and the famous magazine editor gave her the title of "Most beautiful girl in California." The papers printed her picture, the public confirmed the title and promptly Mr. and Mrs. Abercrombie found their porches and living room cluttered up with eligible bachelors from far and near, all full of serious intentions.



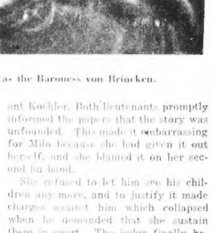
Marquis de Flores, Last Husband, Who Says He Family Honor Suffered Through Milo's Forgetfulness.

They were saved by the enemy, that gallant Von Brincken who had finished his sentence and under another name was working in a Hollywood studio. Hearing that the woman he still loved could not marry the man she wanted, he came to the rescue with evidence that won her an annulment from the church. It seems that he himself had been previously married and divorced, which in the eyes of that church made his second marriage bigamous and void.

The soldier thought his rival with tears in his eyes. Later he was less certain. Exactly as before, Milo presented her husband with two children and then a divorce, charging that he was temperamentally unfit to be married. The lieutenant had to wear that boot for a while but later the court put it on the lady's leg.

A third romance seemed to be blossoming between Milo and another navy lieutenant named Hugo W. Koeher. He was the son of a German Kaiser himself. It seemed good judgment at the time to marry this attractive man whose future appeared to hold nothing but more wealth and honors. Also it looked

like a good idea to bear him two children to inherit the title, wealth and honors. Then came the world war, making Milo the wife of an alien, who was interned at first and then, convicted of violating the neutrality act, was sentenced to three years in a Federal prison.



Milo Abercrombie When She Was the Baroness von Brincken.

Milo decided that the marriage was a mistake and sued for divorce. Her husband from his prison wrote the court a pathetic letter of protest, saying that he loved his wife, that he was only a political offender and wanted a chance to make her happy. But besides disgrace there was now poverty. Von Brincken's family, like almost everyone else in Germany, had been impoverished by the inflation after the war. The divorce went through.

Milo, under her maiden name, lived quietly for a while and then another uniform caught her eye. In it was Lieutenant Lemmon Knute Swenson of the U. S. Navy. If she married him and there should be another of those miserable wars, at least he would not have to be explaining to the children what their papa was doing. She said yes, the wedding day was set but the wedding bells refused to ring. Their romance seemed to be sinking in sight of port. The trouble was that both Milo and the lieutenant were Catholics as was Von Brincken and their church did not recognize the divorce.

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Versatile and Rich Young Mr. Watts Could Cope With Any Social Emergency but Not With Having a Friend's Wife "Pinned Upon Him," He Swears—But Her Husband Says Mr. Watts Himself Plucked Her Away and Sues Demanding \$100,000 for His "Stolen Flower"



1



The House Where Tarnier, Leader of the Black Leopards Gang, Stored his Weapons.

By H. Ashton-Wolfe CHAPTER V.

(Continued from Last Sunday)
Copyright 1935, by H. Ashton-Wolfe

BERTILLON glanced in surprise at the clock as a discreet rap sounded on the outer laboratory door, and a sergeant of the cycle police groped his way to the tiny circle of light cast by our microscopic lamp, in sharp contrast to the surrounding gloom.

It was 3 in the morning, a mysterious crime having kept us busy through the night, analyzing and testing the minute and evanescent traces we had gathered.

"I've been sent by the commissaire at Aubervilliers station, Monsieur," the officer explained, saluting smartly. "Inspector Rousseau said you were likely to be here until dawn. A double murder, sir; at least it looks like murder—has just been discovered in our district—a man and woman killed in the Rue de la Fourmiere; not far from the Bal des Fourmis."

At the news Bertillon at once became alert and interested. Switching on a table lamp he pulled his ever ready notebook and pencil towards him.

"Who made the discovery?" he asked sharply.

"One of my own men, Monsieur, not two hours ago; he reported to me at once," the sergeant replied.

"Ah—that's good—you can tell me all about it then. Sit down, sergeant. What'll you take—wine or a brandy-and-soda? Wine? Right—there's a bottle of Vouvray on the shelf behind you—a cheery, sparkling drink—we'll all have some. Good stuff, eh?" he added, smacking his lips. "Trust Inspector Rousseau to choose the best. He's our caterer for liquid refreshments, you know. Now then—let's have the details."

"Well, sir, it was like this—" the man began, settling himself with an appreciative grin as my chief filled his glass again.

"I came on duty at 1:30 and started my rounds in the Rue Jean-Jacques. All was quiet until I got to the dance-hall in the Rue de la Fourmiere where Constable Durochat joined me. There'd been a fight in the 'Bal' just before they closed at 1, but it was soon over. Durochat had to patrol the neighboring streets and alleys, and as he came round to the dance-hall again, a large powerful car flashed past with very dim lights. When he turned to note its number they went out altogether. At the time he merely put it down to battery trouble, but we thought different afterwards."

"He had marched along another fifty yards or so, flashing his lamp into the dark doorways, when he was brought up with a jerk by the sight of two people sprawling on the pavement. A man and a woman it was—the man underneath, face downwards, and the woman lying with her head on his back, one arm outstretched across his body. Both were dead—and as I saw for myself—had been dead some time."

"Why do you say that?" Bertillon interposed.

"Their faces and hands were icy cold."

Bertillon nodded and signed to him to continue.

"I took care not to move them unnecessarily, but I think they were stabbed—or had stabbed each other."

"Much blood on the pavement?"

"A pool had collected under them—I noticed that the sole of my right shoe was red and wet."

"What—the blood still liquid although the bodies were icy cold? All right—go on."

"That's all, sir, I realized it was a case for hurry; and when I'd put Durochat and Marcelin on guard, with orders to keep a wide space clear about the bodies—there's always a fellow, or early, workers and roisterers passing that way—I hurried to report to my chief, who agreed we should not move the bodies till you'd been to have a look at them."

"I see—and where did you run across Inspector Rousseau?" Bertillon asked, sipping the last of his wine reflectively.

"He's been watching a house near my beat, and had dropped in at the station for some information. I think he went along to the Rue de la Fourmiere when he was told what we'd found; I heard him say something about waiting there till you came along."

"Aha—well, it hardly sounds like a case for me—still—" turning to where I stood behind his chair: "You are used to working with the old legation. So if you're not too tired, get a car or a taxi and join him at Aubervilliers."

"You'll want a magnesium lamp, a small camera with ladder tripod, besides the usual outfit. If you'll photograph the bodies from above as they lie, with precise measurements of the distance from them to the houses and to the curb, with a sectional picture of the street, as also perhaps some plaster casts of tire tracks or footprints, it'll save me a journey. Pay great attention to such details as motor oil and the like, in the neighborhood of the bodies. Afterwards you can have them both taken to the police station, where I'll examine them if necessary in the morning. Ring me up here if there's anything of special importance—I shall be busy for another hour at least."

"That reminds me—tell one of the men on night duty to bring a car round for me at 4. If I don't hear from you sooner I'll expect you to report at my house tomorrow morning. You may come to breakfast and bring Rousseau with you."

"And with a cheery 'Good Luck!' Bertillon returned to his work once more. The sergeant found us a prowling taxi, dirty, noisy and reeking of stale wine and tobacco—a typical French night cab, and twenty minutes later we rattled and bumped along the dismal Boulevard de la Villette, pulling up with a brutal jerk at the peremptory whistle of a detective standing in the middle of the road, and not far away I espied a silent group of uniformed police."

As I alighted and paid the driver, who seemed disposed to stay and watch, Rousseau, a red muffer about his face despite the warm weather, stepped forward and slapped me heartily on the shoulder.

"Ca va, mon vieux? I'm glad you came alone. We've a chance to show the chief we know our job, although it's a queer business and we may yet have to rot him out. Here, let me help you with that folding ladder—awkward things aren't they? But jolly useful. We've got to work fast; it gets light at 5 and we don't want a crowd. Did Sergeant Debordes tell you about the car that whizzed past with darkened number plate just before he found these two? He did, eh?"

"Well, I've an idea it had stopped here for some time. It had been driven fast, too—judging by the liquid condition of the oil that oozed out; there's quite a pool near the curb. Tracks of special tires, too, the front ones much worn and more on the outer edge than on the inside which is not usual."

While he talked in vivid jerks, I quickly collected my outfit, and thus burdened followed him to the group about the bodies. A shocking picture it was the flickering beams of our electric torches revealed. The dead couple lay with the macabre abandon of stuffed dummies, the man with his face crushed painfully against the dirty pavement, an arm doubled under his chest and both feet twisted sideways, while the woman, handsome even in death, rested with her head on his broad shoulders, a bitter, defiant expression in the glassy, staring eyes. Rarely had I seen death in such repulsive shape.

"Looks as though they'd been flung from a passing automobile by someone consciously anxious to be rid of 'em," Sergeant Debordes growled, and subsequent investigation proved that this was exactly what had happened.

"He's hit the nail on the head," my colleague assented thoughtfully. "A truck—or a car, heh? Where's Durochat? Hey—you said an automobile flashed past with dimmed lights just before you stumbled across these two. Can't you remember what it was like—and who was driving?"

"Well, sir—" the constable scratched his head reflectively. "It was a two-seater—leastways—yes, I am sure of that. Dark gray, I think—at any rate some such drab color. That's all I really saw. I didn't pay much attention to it, you understand, as I hadn't found these yet. If I'd known—"

"Sure—if—" Rousseau mimicked his country accent. "Was the car big—little—quiet or noisy? Did you hear the engine being started by any chance?"

"No, sir, silent as a ghost it was—a big car, too—high off the ground. I'm sure I'd have heard if the engine had been started here. Besides, it slipped by much too fast for a newly started engine—the fellow didn't change gears or anything."

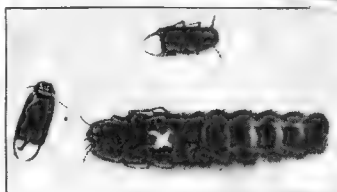
"It's a hundred yards to the corner where he passed you, time enough for a quick change—" then to me: "Then it's just as I thought. I can tell pretty well how far a car has traveled by the condition of the oil it drops, except when it's not been changed for a long time, of course. This one has a leak from the gearbox, the pool is near the front wheels. So it shouldn't be thin. You'll say such a trifle won't help us—maybe, but it shows these two were not killed anywhere near. What do you think about it?"

I stooped and lifted the man's head, turning it sideways. A long abrasion on chin and nose were significant, proving that he had fallen head foremost, striking the pavement bluntly.

"I suggest you get on the phone," I said quietly. "You'll catch the chief in Section 14 if

New Secrets of the Sureté, The

Mr. H. Ashton-Wolfe, Former
Gives From His Experience
the Scientific Details of
Photography



The Indian Bow (Actual Length Five Feet), one of the Black-leopard Hunting Arrows, and Mirror Photograph of the Indian Bow and Arrow, showing the Yellow Light-Giving Spots



Choppellaine as He Appeared When Leader of the Black Leopards Gang.



Mrs. Gilberte Stauding Resides Her Car and Mrs. Gilberte in the Disguise She Adopted.

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"I suggest you get on the phone," I said quietly. "You'll catch the chief in Section 14 if

you go at once. This is no ordinary crime—look at this: not a trace of blood on cheek or neck. Just a minute—help me lift this poor girl—gently! Good Lord, there's a knife still in her back."

I recoiled, startled at the unexpected discovery. The haft of a bone-handled dagger protruded from the woman's dark jacket, which, I now perceived, was stiff with dried blood.

"While you are gone," I added, quickly recovering my poise, "I'll take the necessary photographs. We can make some plaster mouldings of the tracks in the road too if you like. Better circulate a tentative description of the car Durochat saw. We can get in touch with the more important garages first thing in the morning."

"Beg pardon, sir," one of the policemen interrupted, "but I know this poor woman. That's to say, I've seen her I believe at the Bal Tabarin. I was posted there on and off for a time and I've often watched her dance. She was billed as 'Concha Sanchez,' the dancer from Mexico!"

"You're sure?" I asked, turning as Rousseau peddled off on a policeman's cycle.

"Certain sure—she's even wearing the emerald earrings there was such a fuss about once. A sneak-thief got into her dressing-room, ransacked the old dresser and pinched all the jewelry on the table. Mademoiselle Sanchez thought he'd got the emeralds, too, but he didn't. The papers said it was just a publicity stunt when they were found the next day—I forget where now—but—"

"All right—that's pretty conclusive. What about the man?"

The officer shook his head. "Never saw him before, sir. Concha had a good many admirers, however, so perhaps some jealous fool killed 'em both?"

I shrugged my shoulders and set to work, my big magnesium lamp lying up the macabre scene in sudden, blinding flashes against a background of pungent smoke, as I made my exposures. I had just finished taking the essential pictures when a Surete car drew up on the opposite side of the street and Bertillon crossed over, followed by Rousseau.

"Well?" he greeted us gruffly. "You caught me just as I was leaving. I wonder if your report will justify robbing me of several hours sleep. What's the difficulty?"

And without waiting for my answer he strode over to the watching police. I started to explain what had puzzled us so, but he waved me back with a curt: "All right—I dare say I can draw my own conclusions."

He was not in the best of humor evidently at having been summoned, and I decided prudently to keep my distance.

Despite the weariness in his eyes, he worked calmly and methodically for an hour, while Rousseau directed the rays of a big reflector on the bodies, and afterwards at the car tracks in the road. Finally, just as the first streaks of a grey dawn showed in the eastward sky, he came briskly to where I sat on the step of his car.

"You did quite right to send for me," he

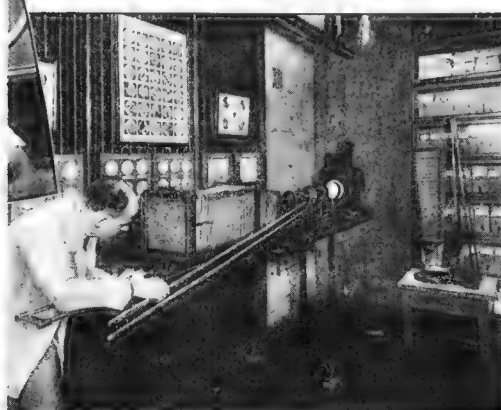
French Detective Police

ly of the Police Laboratories of Paris,
ces Some More Striking Examples of
tection of Crime, Together With
phs From the Official Records

MR. H. ASHTON-WOLFE is already well known to the readers of The American Weekly. For many years he was associated with the famous Dr. Bertillon, of the Paris Surete (French Detective Police), the foremost of all modern scientific detectives. Again Mr. Ashton-Wolfe has gone over his notebooks and the records of the Paris Detective Bureau, and in his new series now gives further examples of how the unerring instruments of science in the hands of highly-trained men often uncover the most carefully concealed trails and clear up the most baffling mysteries.

"The stories which I have selected for this series can be found in the official records. Some of the details have been set forth in dramatic form and purposely changed in order to avoid giving pain and reopening old wounds or for other reasons," Mr. Ashton-Wolfe writes.

"I have myself taken part in the investigations or the final trials of most of the criminals. Several of the cases I have specifically selected because of the ingenuity displayed both by the law-breakers and the investigators."



Microscopic Camera Used for Microscopic Enlargements of Fingerprints, Bloodstains, Bugs, Beetles and Other Matters of French Police Work.

mitted, scanning again the notes he had taken before snapping shut the elastic band about his bulky diary. "It's not going to be a simple case. I should say off-hand that those unfortunate have been dead at least 21 hours. Dr. Maupert will tell us definitely how they died, I expect—"

"How they died!" I interrupted surprised. "They were stabbed surely. The knife was still in the girl's back."

"A knife was—but it's not that killed her. At a rough guess—but guessing won't help us. Obviously the stains on the blade and haft are not human blood, in fact, like the puddle under the man, it's not blood at all but some kind of red dye. The inference is clear. Off-hand I imagine the murders were committed somewhere on the southern outskirts of Paris, if the direction in which that car disappeared means anything, and if it had anything to do with this double crime. The bodies were then dumped here to mislead us. For the same reason the knife, stained with some red fluid, was driven into the wound in the woman's back and some fake blood poured on the pavement. A trick that wouldn't deceive a child."

"Maybe, since apparently the girl is Concha Sanchez, the dancer, the bodies were purposely dropped just outside this ill-famed dance-hall 'des Fourmis' because she was an habituée of the place and we were meant to assume she had been killed as the result of a quarrel with some of his shady denizens, or by a jealous lover."

"The presence of the man puzzles me—I've taken his fingerprints in case we know him. Carry both to my car now, we'll leave them at the Aubervilliers police station until after the post-mortem."

When, having slept a few hours, I arrived at headquarters just past noon, I found Rousseau poring lazily over some photographs in the camera room. His face was unusually grim as he pointed to the flashlight pictures taken over which one of my assistants had mean while printed.

"Very useful things—photographs," he growled. "These accentuate the artificiality of the position in which the bodies lay. Granier is going through all the old records in the hope of identifying the dead man. The papers haven't printed the story yet. The chief fixed that. He's gone to Aubervilliers and wants us to join him at once. I don't know how you feel—I'm fagged out—but Bertillon seems able to get along quite well at times, with a couple of hours in bed. I wonder—hullo—there's your bell."

I pressed the electric contact and Lebrun, the

clever little Surete analyst, slipped into the room with his usual noiseless walk. There was a sly twinkle in his queer, gray eyes, which his enormous glasses magnified uncannily.

"Granier has finally found a chart, dating back some nine years," Lebrun purred, "which proves that the dead man was actually a member of that mysterious and redoubtable 'Black Leopard' gang. You remember perhaps, that at the very time when they had brought off half a dozen daring and remunerative burglaries and frauds, among which was the theft of a parcel of precious Burmah rubies and Siamese emeralds from the big China boat Marius Chambon, and we were fondly hoping to run the gang to earth, thanks to the nature of the loot—all trace of the Leopards was abruptly lost."

"They vanished as though suddenly wiped out, and since then nothing more was ever heard of 'em. It appears now that the emerald earrings Concha Sanchez always wore, came from the swag of the stamer, and to crown all, the dead man was the once notorious crackman, Titi Patte-Blanche—otherwise Baptiste Dumours—alias Thomas Creil—who for the last four years was known as Charles Noland, the antiquary and expert of the Rue Lafayette—"

"Tonnerre de Brezel!" Rousseau ejaculated aghast. "You don't mean that?"

"Sure I do," Lebrun retorted, pleased at the effect produced, for the art dealer was well known to us and his reputation apparently above suspicion. "He was once sentenced to seven years for burglary as Baptiste Dumours and later, when he did another year as 'Fence,' he was put up as Thomas Creil."

"We thought he had gone abroad; instead he was right in our midst all the time, cleverly altered in appearance, as Monsieur Noland, esteemed and respected by all. We knew that the Leopards' jewel specialist was Patte-Blanche, but no one would have dreamt that Noland and Patte-Blanche were one and the same."

"The records are there, however—no mistake is possible. Evidently this double murder has its motive in the distant past. Both were probably executed for some treachery, maybe the very business that finally broke up the gang. You know that Bertillon always believed those six fellows, rounded up several years ago on indications sent anonymously, were actually members of the Leopard gang."

"That was before my time," I remarked, "but go on."

broad shoulders, a bitter, defiant expression in the glassy, staring eyes. Rarely had I seen death in such repulsive shape. "Looks as though they'd been flung from a passing automobile by someone unconsciously anxious to be rid of 'em," Sergeant Debordes growled.

"And subsequent investigation proved that this was exactly what had happened."

"That's all—except those specimens Bertillon sent you. He wants you to verify his observations. There's a note, too—" And Lebrun handed me a number of seed envelopes and a folded slip. "I'm now off to Aubervilliers," he added. "See you later."

"I'll wait here," Rousseau decided, when Lebrun had gone. "What does the chief say?" I opened the paper and read: "Volume Seven of Fabre's Insects—Page 400—make quite sure I am right and photograph. A. B. C." (Alphonse Bertillon, chief).

"Hand me the book—it's on the shelf behind you," I requested, much intrigued by the curt massive. But when Rousseau had opened Fabre's natural history at the page indicated, my amazement turned to incredulity.

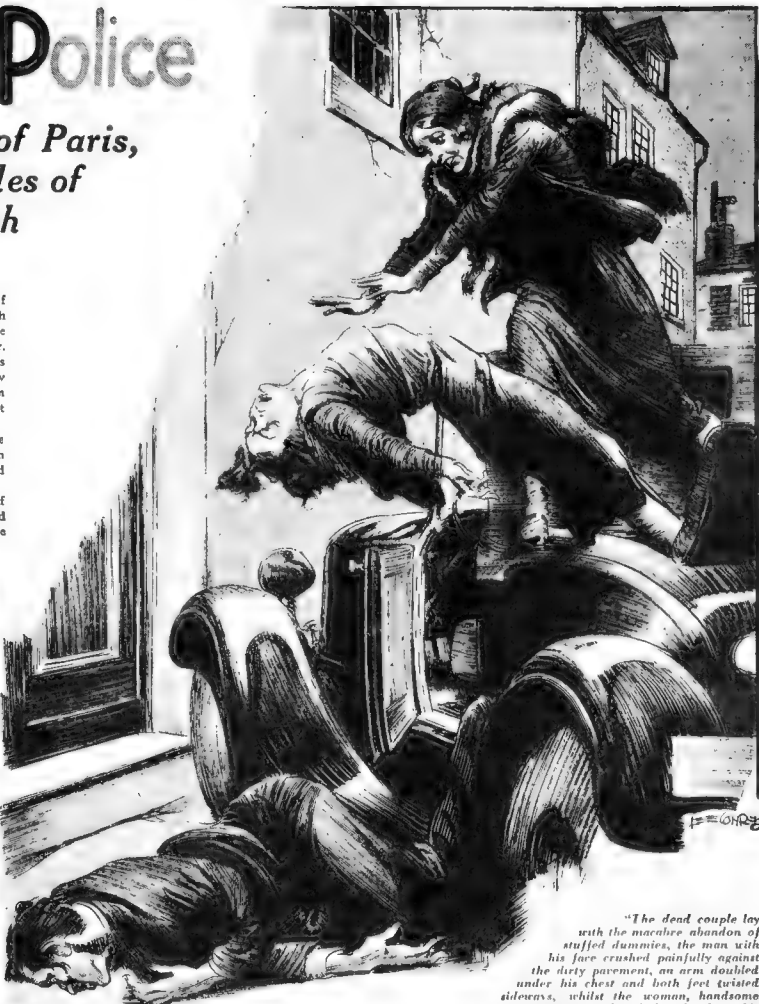
"Why—hang it all! That's a chapter on fireflies," my friend exclaimed, reading over my shoulder. "What the devil does it mean? 'Fireflies of the French Mediterranean coast, commonly known as Lucioles.' Also glowworms—glowworms, good Lord—what next! Hurry and open those envelopes—ah—"

I pulled back the flap of one marked: "In the man's shirt," and shook out several small flies on a small sheet of white paper. Their bright yellow abdomens proved conclusively that they were specimens of the fireflies so common in June on the Riviera, between Mentone and Nice.

A second envelope inscribed: "Glowworm—woman's hair," contained a black grub some what like a wingless beetle, but of a kind I had never seen before. Again, a gay phosphorescent spot near the tail was evidence that it was indeed a glowworm, and the colored plate in Fabre's book confirmed Bertillon's classification.

"It shall have to photograph these carefully," I said, smiling at Rousseau's astonished face. "It's the most extraordinary find ever made on a dead body I imagine, especially as the other envelopes contain pins, needles, scraps of Euphorbia meridionalis and other similar fragments of flowers and plants from the South."

"Hullo! Here's a rough sketch, too. What's it marked? 'Probable shape of weapon—Good Lord! It's like an arrowhead, such as the Amazonian Indians use for hunting; I have seen them in museums. My word, this is queer. And to think that Bertillon didn't want to bother about the case at first! I'll bet he's glad now



"The dead couple lay with the macabre abandon of stuffed dummies, the man with his face crushed painfully against the dirty pavement, an arm doubled under his chest and both feet twisted sideways, whilst the woman, handsome even in death, rested with her head on his

you fetched him. Hop across to the restaurant, Rousseau, and order a meal. I'll join you in a few minutes. I'll photograph these later."

During the lunch each was busy with his thoughts, and for once my colleague refrained from the usual meal-time ritual, omitting his aperitif, hoids d'oeuvres washed down by a bottle of Graves, red wine with the meat; Volnay to follow with the cheese, and the inevitable coffee backed by half a dozen liqueurs. A. B. C.—a regular sequence that easily explains his flamboyant nose, and which—had I not—would have sent me to bed with a headache.

Today he resigned himself to a simpler repast, although he grunted disingly at my suggestion that we should order coffee with our "Bistec aux pommes."

"Heide," he muttered reaching for the wine—whereat I laughed.

"We don't all possess a copper-lined stomach," I retorted. "One case like this is quite difficult enough, I have no desire to see it in duplicate."

"Duplicate—huh? I bet you know the feeling only by hearsay. Now I've been so soured when sent to Emile's cafe to arrest a dangerous criminal hiding there, that when he suddenly jumped out, I saw ten armed apaches instead of one. But it didn't worry me any, because, you see, the wall mirrors showed me twenty of myself. So I instantly surrounded my phantom opponents and got them all—with a single pair of handcuffs, too."

"Pay the bill when you're ready. I'll run over and get a car."

Bertillon was still at the Aubervilliers police station, stooping over the bodies. At our entry he looked up with a faint smile.

"Was I right about the Lucioles?"

"Yes—they are definitely Mediterranean fireflies," I replied. "But the glowworm was new to me. Did they really come from those two?" And I nodded in the direction of the remains on the dissecting table.

"Of course—I'm convinced moreover that both were shot by a skilful archer with South American hunting arrows. Such an arrow has

Mercolized Wax

And he doubled up in silent laughter.

They were still chuckling over the joke that he had when he entered Bertillon's office, but the grim sight in his eyes wiped the smile from their faces.

"You two'll take the 7:15 south-bound express tonight," he said curtly, "arriving at Nice at 11." Chief Inspector Laurier will meet you. It is quite possible I have made a mistake; a clever criminal could have faked these clues.

"I've just heard from Fontaineau that he's a 40-year-old man and woman stopped at the



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stubble on the "Blue Blad
barrassing as obtainable

...over your own friends about it. Some you thought shaving—then important? Didn't —untidy and best at all times leaves you close

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The Aristocrat is all one piece, no loose parts. Perfectly balanced, practical, heavily plated with 24-Karat gold and guaranteed a lifetime. Price \$4 complete with 10 Gillette "Blue Blades" packed in a handsome travel case, richly covered with gun seal leather.

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Keeps Skin Young
Mercolized Wax absorbs the discolored

When I was a child, I was very shy. I
preferred to be alone than with people. When
I was a child, I was very shy. I
preferred to be alone than with people.

A TRAMP
without shaving!
"is made of the finest steel
anywhere in the world. Fed

omatically controlled electrics—developed by Gillette—this steel is tempered to correct degree of hardness. Shaving and stropping operation automatic, held to unbelievable standards of accuracy. In essence is spared to make this best-shaving blade ever

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at four points to prevent
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I will awaken you to shav-
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yourself, ask your dealer
"Blue Blades" today.

BLADES
for 49¢



A TWIST IT'S CLOSED!

Figure 6

Accidents!

From 1 to 100 Horsepower

Grandfather jogged along contentedly in his one-hoss shay and took pride in the way he controlled his one horse. Today, grandson, in his roadster, nonchalantly drives the equivalent of 100 horses.

Many drivers fail to realize the tremendous

power they release the moment they step on the gas. A car driving 60 miles an hour travels 88 feet in one second. Imagine the smashing force of a collision, travelling at that speed!

There were 1,200,000 persons injured and 35,000 killed last year in automobile accidents. Careless driving caused the majority of accidents—driving too fast for road conditions, passing red lights, driving on the wrong side of the road, passing cars on a curve or hill, cutting in, failing to give and to heed signals, and driving while under the influence of alcohol.

Learn to drive safely. Send for a booklet

An illustration showing a car falling off a cliff on the left and a car on fire on the right. The falling car is labeled 'Careless Driving' and the burning car is labeled 'Accident'. A speech bubble from the burning car says 'I was driving too fast'.

"The Real Driver's Log Book" that contains important suggestions which may help to prevent accidents. It also includes blank pages on which to record mileage and amount of gasoline and oil consumed.
Address Booklet Dept. AW-235.

METROPOLITAN

LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY

FREDERICK H. ECKFR, PRESIDENT

ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y.

36

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HE FELT LIKE A TRAMP
when he tried to get by without shaving!

SOMETIMES patches of stubble on the face can be as embarrassing as patches in the pants. If you don't believe this, just think back over your own experience, or ask your friends about it. Do you remember that time you thought you'd get by without shaving—then met someone very important? Didn't you feel like a tramp—untidy and slovenly?

It pays to look your best at all times—to use a blade that shaves you close and clean without discomfort. That is why the Gillette "Blue Blade" is first choice of the overwhelming majority of men. It is an amazing, new blade—especially made to shave tender faces easily. With it, you can shave every day.

"Blue Blade" is made of the finest steel obtainable anywhere in the world. Fed through automatic control electric furnaces—developed by Gillette metallurgists—this steel is tempered to exactly the correct degree of hardness. Grinding, honing and stropping operations are automatic, held to unbelievably close standards of accuracy. In fact, no expense is spared to make this the smoothest-shaving blade ever produced.

Extra care is lavished even in the wrapping—each blade being anchored in its envelope at four points to prevent the slightest damage to the super-keen edges. A trial will awaken you to shaving comfort far beyond your expecta-

Reputable merchants give you what you ask for. In stores where substitution is practised—INSIST ON

GILLETTE BLUE BLADES

GILLETTE BLUE BLADES
NOW 5 for 25¢ • 10 for 49¢



A TWIST... IT'S OPEN!

Gillette One Piece Razor

The Anirstone is all one piece, no loose parts. Perfectly balanced, practical, heavily plated with 14-Karat gold and guaranteed a lifetime. Price \$4 complete with 10 Gillette "Blue Blades" packed in a handsome tin of no case, reliable cover with gun-steel leather.

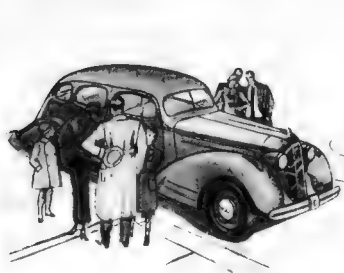


A TWIST... IT'S CLOSED!

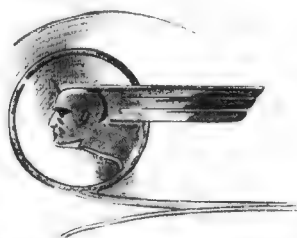
FREDERICK H. PERKE, PRESIDENT
ONE MADISON AVE., NEW YORK, N. Y. | been found at any of the railway |

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 自我评价: 热爱技术, 善于学习, 具备良好的团队协作精神和沟通能力, 能够独立承担项目任务。



America didn't take long to decide IT'S THE MOST BEAUTIFUL THING ON WHEELS



Several weeks ago, America welcomed the new low-priced Pontiac Six with the greatest reception in Pontiac history, and one of the greatest ever given to any car. And that first excitement has continued to this day. Crowds still gather when a new Pontiac rolls up to the curb. They are still repeating the verdict of America on announcement day—"It's the most beautiful thing on wheels." And now that thousands have driven the car, they are saying something more—the new Pontiac is even better than it looks.

The things about it that win this praise are things you'll want to know. You'll be glad to hear, for example, that the big, luxurious Fisher Body is the new "Turret-Top" body—the safest ever built. The roof is steel. The sides are steel. And in addition, cork and felt insulation, new with Fisher, and used by no one else, keeps the

interior of Pontiac bodies warmer in winter, cooler in summer, and quieter all the time.

Go right through the list of quality features not combined in any other car. They are real fine-car features, every one. The big, smooth hydraulic brakes are the finest money can buy—triple sealed against dirt and moisture. Pontiac performance, already famous for smoothness and liveliness, reaches new heights; yet economy is even greater than before. The fact that Pon-

tiac's new silver-alloy bearings are twice as durable as the ordinary type, shows you how well Pontiac has taken care of dependability. And so it goes, all the way through. The car makes the price phenomenal.

So go ahead and let your eyes decide the question of what low-priced car to buy. The quality and workmanship that makes the 1935 Pontiac the most beautiful thing on wheels are just as evident in everything this new car has and does.

Highlights of Pontiac Quality for 1935

Solid Steel "Turret-Top" Bodies by Fisher • Triple-Sealed Hydraulic Brakes • Speedlined Styling • Completely Sealed Chassis • Silver-Alloy Bearing Engines • 10-Second Starting at Zero • Even Greater Economy • No Draft Ventilation • * Kneec-Action • Luggage and Spare Tire Compartment.

PONTIAC MOTOR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN. Division of General Motors

NEW PONTIAC SIXES and EIGHTS \$615*

*AND UP. List price of Standard six-cylinder Coupe at Pontiac, Michigan. Standard group of accessories extra. *On the Eight and De Luxe Six Models

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HAVE YOU ACCEPTED YOUR GROCER'S AMAZING OFFER OF THIS

\$1.25 Relish Dish

IN DEEP-LUSTRE CHROMIUM... WITH A CERTIFIED VALUE... A MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

FOR **25¢** WITH PURCHASE OF ONE (1) PACKAGE OF BISQUICK

NOTE PLEASE: Offer Made Solely To Attract Your Attention To The New Bisquick Time-and-Step-Saving Principle of Making Biscuits, Muffins, Waffles, Pancakes, Sherbakes, Campbells, etc., To Many Women Are Changing To Now. (10 Recipes On Every Package.) How Way, On The Average, Is 75% Faster, Saves 45 Steps. And—Costs Little If Anything More.

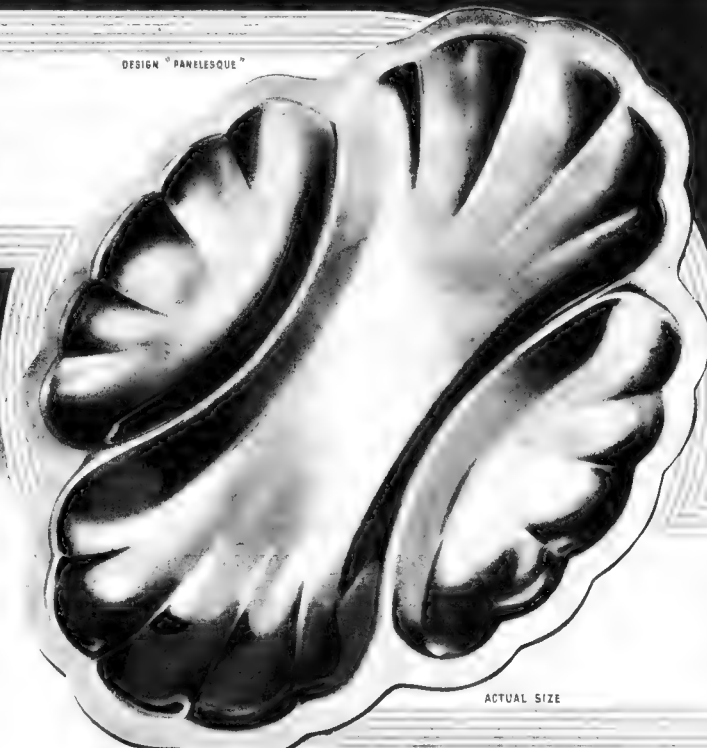
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By J. D. Cloud & Co.

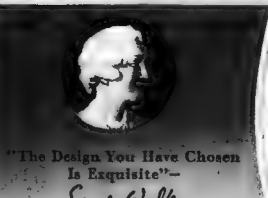
GENERAL MILLS, INC.
Minneapolis, Minn.
Gentlemen: We have presented a sample of your chromium relish dish to eight representative retailers, four in the city of Indianapolis and four in the city of Columbus. We have obtained valuations from these eight retailers, and hereby certify that in each of the eight instances the fair retail value of this chromium relish dish was reported to be not less than \$1.25 per dish.

J. D. Cloud & Co.
Certified Public Accountants
Cincinnati, Ohio, October 29, 1934

DESIGN "PANDEQUE"



ACTUAL SIZE



"The Design You Have Chosen
Is Exquisite"—
Elise de Wolfe

Internationally Noted Authority On Design

This lovely Relish Dish comes in deep-lustre chromium. Ideal for serving relishes, hors d'oeuvres, jellies, jams. Of it Elise de Wolfe says:

"I think this Relish Dish has succeeded where so many other designs have failed. It has captured the charm of the best traditions of the old in design."

"The design you have chosen is exquisite."

Be sure to get the ready-mixed preparation for making biscuits, waffles, etc., now offered for sale which has been awarded the Seal of Acceptance of the Committee on Food of the American Medical Association. That product is BISQUICK. To be sure to get the genuine, look for this seal on the package. Do not be misled by claims of imitations.

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**Look
FOR THIS
DISPLAY
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Act Fast To Save \$1.00

**Grocers' Supplies Going
Like Hotcakes—
Act Today!**

MANY stores have already sold out supplies of these lovely \$1.25 Relish Dishes. We have been able to furnish them very small additional supplies. So—to save the \$1.00 on this offer, act now! Simply buy a package of Bisquick and a gift for only 25¢ more direct from your grocer, this \$1.25 Deep-lustre Chromium Relish Dish.

Now, the reason for this amazing bargain is that we invested our own money to induce you to try the new Bisquick principle. Because, once women do, they discard bothersome old ways. And—buy more Bisquick.

A New Principle

The Bisquick Principle is revolutionary in that it does four things never before possible by old methods.

1. It brings, in one package, scientifically formulated, the necessary ingredients for 101 different kinds of cakes, puddings, muffins, waffles, pancakes, shortcakes, roll-dollers, doughnuts, etc.—10 standard recipes on package.
2. It brings the nature-proof qualities of Gold Medal "Kitchen-tested" Flour.
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Take Bisquick Pancakes. With Bisquick

you make them 83 75% faster than old-fashioned methods. Save 45 steps. Cost—less than 1¢ more per batch, simply follow recipe on package. (Same is true for waffles.)

And—you get, at last, the lightness and flavor of the real old-time pancakes. Hot cakes with a small, thick texture. Tender by far than you have ever before known. Or guess on how your money back.

Accept Bargain Offer Today
Before too late, accept this exquisite \$1.25 Relish Dish for 25¢ with the purchase of 1 package of Bisquick. You'll be glad you did. Particularly, when you try Bisquick Pancakes. Do this today.

GOLD MEDAL FOODS, INCORPORATED
Of 1933 by General Mills, Inc.
GENERAL MILLS, INC., MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.

When you bake biscuits at home, use Bisquick to get perfect results. And remember—the easiest way to get delicious bread, rolls, cakes or pastry is to order them from your baker or through your grocer. For, with truly professional skill, your baker transforms wheat—the "staff of life"—into tasty, appetizing, wholesome, mealtime delights. Get acquainted with your baker and his products.

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

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To every person who takes advantage of this opportunity to secure the \$1.25 Deep-lustre Chromium Relish Dish in the Design Pandeque—we make this guarantee: If, within 10 days after buying this lovely Relish Dish you are not entirely satisfied, you may return it to us (see address below) and we will refund you the full amount of 25¢ which you paid for it.

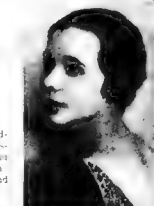
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*Mrs. Philip
Duchessnay Tracey*

**Suggests This Menu
For "Brunch"
Which Features
The New-Type
Bisquick Pancakes**

Member of one of Albany's oldest families, noted for her hospitality, Mrs. Tracey is known for Bisquick Pancake "Brin" which will make your family and friends sing your praises.

Bisquick Pancakes with Butter and Brown Sugar
Little Pork Sausage
Apple Sauce
Coffee



Mrs. Philip Duchessnay Tracey, 24 Washington Avenue, Albany, New York, is an authority on Civil War-era work, has a flair for entertaining.

Secret A

(Continued from Page 10)

Kathie? Don't you want to go on with our relationship as it stands?"

She was silent a moment. "I don't think I can, Derek." Her voice was strained. "Friendship's all very well but," she drew a sharp breath, "it isn't enough."

He looked at her curiously. "I thought you once agreed it was the best possible relationship?"

She nodded.

"I know, but—"

He took her hand. "But you've found you want more? Perhaps I want more, too, Kathie."

She glanced up at him quickly. Her face paled, then flushed with crimson. "You mean—"

"Just this, Kathie. He bent and kissed her, a kiss that lasted a very long time."

"That's what I want, Kathie. He smiled down at her slowly. And more than that—"

"Yes," she whispered. "She knew she wanted it, too. She wanted it as much as she loved, all his thoughts, everything."

And because of that she was afraid. Of the future. Of the uncharted uncertainty of the future. A sentence she had heard once flashed through her brain: "Love is finished for a woman without a sense of the future."

In a pause she looked down at her hands that were clasped tightly in her lap. She didn't look at Derek. She couldn't.

"Derek," her voice was small, almost inaudible, "our wedding is a very long time."

There was another pause. She sat there feeling as if with doubt, as if with mortification. She had had to say it. She had had to know. But it was the hardest thing she had ever done.

He came and knelt beside her. He took both her hands in his and gave them a long, warm squeeze. "Listen, Kathie," he said softly. "If I could remove the possibility of my ever marrying anyone again I would marry you. You must believe that, I care for you more than I do for anyone."

Perhaps even more than I cared for Della. I don't know. But I do know I'm not the type of man to make a success of marriage."

I've tried once and I failed. I'm fairly certain I should fail again, anyhow I don't care to risk it. But you knew all this from the beginning, didn't you? I tried to warn you."

"Yes, I knew," she said sadly. "But I didn't know. But I do know I'm not the type of man to make a success of marriage."

"I thought you shared my views on marriage," he said. "I did. But," she paused, and then ended as though she shouldn't keep it back, "but I shouldn't our be different? I'm sure it would be."

He shook his head and smiled sadly. "Everyone says that," he reminded her. "Do you think anyone goes into marriage believing anything else? And yet how many marriages are successful? One out of every hundred perhaps. And that one is probably a success because the husband sufficient guts to kick over the traces. Both you and I have the strong impression, Kathie, to live together day in and day out. It must be a failure."

"But, Derek," she protested heatedly, "if we understood it shouldn't be a failure? You say we're both strong personalities. Can't we be strong in forcing our marriage to be different? You've got courage. I've got courage."

"It isn't a question of courage," he interrupted. "It's a question of knowing oneself!"

She had no answer to that. The sharp sense of revolt that had momentarily dominated her dwindled. She felt crushed and was again in the grip of a depression blacker than before.

She wondered now how she could have practically asked him to marry her. A short time ago she wouldn't have believed herself capable of it. Her pride wouldn't have allowed her to. But pride, she had heard, doesn't mean so much when one is in love.

"Then there is nothing more to be said, is there?"

She stood up as though she had some vague notion of going. A curious gesture, as if she were terminating some business interview rather than terminating one of the hugest things that had ever come into her life.

"But, my dear Miss Manner, there is everything to be said. Momentarily Derek himself adopted a businesslike tone. Then, very softly, he started laughing. He came and took her in his arms, still laughing down at her in that soft tender fashion. As though she were a small child whose castle of cards had been blown down by the wind and was crying in consequence. He held her very close to him for a long minute and repeated:

"There is everything to be said, Kathie darling."

She didn't draw away from him. She hadn't the strength to. She was trembling.

"Don't understand," she whispered.

"Of course you understand, my beloved," he repeated. "Don't pretend to be so innocent and completely innocent. How old are you, Kathie? Twenty-



"Hal stopped me the other night in the street," Leo cried. "He told me he'd do us both in—Derek and me!"

ty-seven? And you've earned your own living since you were sixteen. Well, you are old enough to know what is so important? I don't. There is so much happiness we could have without it, Kathie. You see that, don't you? Try to get it, when ever both of us were able to tear ourselves away from our jobs. Week-ends matched from the very teeth of business; short vacations to the West Indies; week-ends when we flew to Bermuda; drives through New England. Can't you see how much money we'd make if we became wealthy? I don't know. But I do know I'm not the type of man to make a success of marriage. I've tried once and I failed. I'm fairly certain I should fail again, anyhow I don't care to risk it. But you knew all this from the beginning, didn't you? I tried to warn you."

It seemed he must be right and yet what was it within her subtly fighting against his arguments? Instinct? Custom? He was offering her his love and while she knew she loved him, his heart was cold. Where there should have been warmth and happiness was only a curious sense of numbness. Perhaps because she was tired. The big day, the scene with (Clive, the quarrel) with Leo, the surprise of finding Derek

He was a man of action. But what do you do with a man like that? He was a man of action. But what do you do with a man like that?

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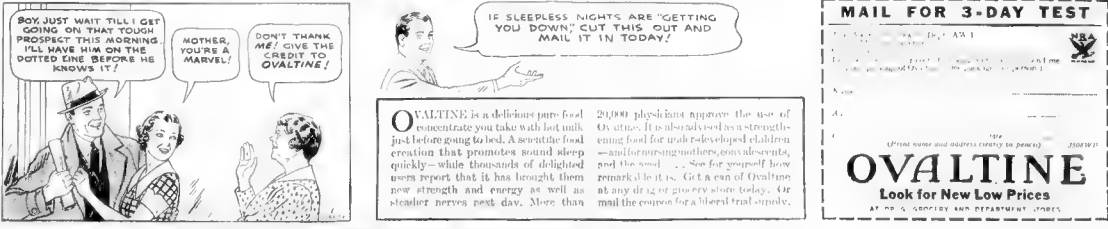
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YOUR THROAT and bronchial tubes are lined with thousands of tiny moisture glands. When you catch cold, these glands dry and their secretion dries. Sticky mucus collects. A tickling makes you cough. To quicken the throat's flow of natural moisture, use PERTUSSIN. It begins to work at once. Germs laden phlegm loosens, is easily swallowed and expelled. Soothe relief! Safe for babies, Tonsils good. Get a bottle NOW!

PERTUSSIN
Tastes good, acts quickly and safely

**Stop
Itching
Skin**

It's wonderful if you're itching, itchy, burning skin, even in severe cases. You can feel itching fade away when Zemo touches the tender and irritated skin, because of its inert ingredients. To relieve Rash and Ringworm and comfort the irritation of Eczema, Zemo is always use clean, soothing Zemo. All drug stores, 25c, 50c and \$1.

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FOR SKIN IRRITATIONS

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Get rid of the needle-like pain of achy corns with KOHLERS ONE NIGHT CORN KIT. A complete, scientific treatment that gets right to the root of corn troubles, quickly relieves pain and getting the corn, where the soreness lies. More than just a surface remedy, this is a complete treatment. Pads to relieve pain, tape to hold pads in place, and a generous tube of KOHLERS famous salve that gets down under the surface and gets out the core! Your money back if you don't get relief—if the corn doesn't come out! ASK FOR KOHLERS ONE NIGHT CORN KIT—See your Druggist, or write Kohler Manufacturing Co., Baltimore, Md.

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PENNIES WANTED
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DAMSKINSKY'S
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Do You Have These COMPLEXION FAULTS?
Don't be embarrassed by an uneven complexion. Resinol is the answer. Resinol is a powerful skin cleanser and exfoliant. It removes dead skin cells, unclogs pores, and restores the skin's natural balance. The treatment that may do for your skin what a good doctor would do for your body.

(Continued from Page 22)

soon lost to sight in the far distant sky, she turned back to Marrakech with a sudden sinking of the heart. Everything seemed changed. Even the glamour of the East seemed stripped from it. The distant noises of Marrakech had a harsh and disturbing note. The frowning buildings of the Grand Atlas seemed more forbidding than ever. Desert and sky seemed to have conspired to steal from her the only people who really belonged to her.

CHAPTER IX.

Her absence a subtle view of her enhanced and wholly unexpected separation from Gervase, also took great care not to show the other members of the party that he was unusually affected by his absence.

She wished, however, that there had been time and opportunity for Gervase to make his farewells. But that, in the rush and hurry of his departure, had been impossible.

So Isola now could only wait patiently for his return, thinking always of him and wondering at all hours of the day where he might be, and what he might be doing. She knew that it would take him more than two weeks to reach England, and he had promised to cable her news of his safe arrival there. But Isola never really forgot her own journey.

Not quite apart from Gervase, she was entirely happy during these two days. In some inexplicable way she seemed a feeling of antagonism towards her part of Patricia and others in the party. Patricia, with Gervase, she was thrown more than ever into the company of Adrian Carthwaite. The latter by this time began to make no secret of his attitude towards her. He was, apparently, much amused by her own intention.

His mood was now even less pleasant than before, for with what was really deliberate annoyance, although Isola only thought it was a misplaced kindness—Patricia Maxwell always seemed to be arranging everything so that Isola was paired off with Adrian. So much so that, on the evening of the second day, Isola took advantage of Patricia's presence in her room to mention the matter.

Patricia had come in to borrow something from her, and her finger-nails, Isola, putting forth to her sun-gold hair, her eyes, nodded, and with a gleaming white shoulder towards a big sister.

"There's a little in a box somewhere in my hand-bag, I think," said she casually, and left the other to open the bag and search, meantime herself intent on the subject of Adrian Carthwaite.

"By the way, Pat," said she presently without looking round, "the color risen in her cheeks, there's something I do wish you'd do for me."

"And what is that, darling?" Patricia, at the moment, was staring at the hand-bag from which she had extracted the small round tube of polishing cream, while she had assumed also a discovery of further evidence to her, a letter, a hand-writing of which she recognized as that of Suleiman. Some words in this had met her eye while Isola was speaking.

Now, without looking round, Patricia went on rapidly reading the letter, while—Isola did not know immediately—she repeated her question.

"What is it I can do for you, dear?" "It's about Adrian Carthwaite," Isola explained awkwardly. "He's rather bothersome. But I didn't mind it so much when Gervase was here. But now that he's away I don't seem ever able to get away from Mr. Carthwaite, and he—well, he keeps on talking such nonsense, wanting to make love to me."

"Why should he? Adrian all over! He's what the Americans call 'fresh.' I shouldn't worry about that. You can always put him in his place, can't you? I know that I should, easily enough. I'll tell you."

Patricia held closed the hand-bag with a snap and let it fall back on the settee. The tale of polishing paste was visible in her right hand. When not quite so visible was the tightly folded palm of her left hand which hung by her side as she turned towards Isola.

Gervase went towards Isola and took her hand in his. "Something has happened which makes a great deal of difference to me, and will make as much to you."

"After all, Mr. de Ar," he said with a certain coldness, "there's nothing to be done. But I must do that which I am doing in having a man in the Arabian desert, and I must do that which I am doing in having a man in the Arabian desert, and I must do that which I am doing in having a man in the Arabian desert."

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Inna Castelli

"GEE, YOU LOOK GOOD!"

"IT'S NOT ME, IT'S MY POWDER, ROUGE AND PERFUME—ALL EVENING IN PARIS"

"It must have cost a King's ransom."

"No—it's a make-up fit for a Queen, but you can buy it JUST FOR NOW for \$1.10"

ALL 3 FOR THE PRICE OF THE POWDER, \$1.10

1 Large box of new Silk-Infused Powder

2 Flacon of Romantic Perfume

3 Vanity of Lip and Cheek Cream Rouge

Evening in Paris
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(Continued from Page 23)



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40c and 70c

BE SURE YOU GET THE GENUINE
Look for the trademark VASELIN
 when you buy. If you don't see it you are not getting the genuine product of the Chasebrough Mfg. Company Consolidated, 17 State St., New York

round on little high heels, he
hacked, "Why should you
do anything in that way?"
He married. "Because we have
been so unfortunate as to be
traded here as we are tonight,
there is no earthly reason why the
question of marriage should ex-
cept be mentioned. It is suggested."
"Exactly!" he nodded as she
hesitated, the color coming at
going in her soft cheeks. "This
is always the result of accident
like this, the suggestions of the

"My dear, that's just what you're wrong. If Gervase hadn't become Lord Haversham, well, I wouldn't argue. But - you're not the right one to become her ladyship. You perhaps don't see that now, but - if you were a lowed to go on with that absurd marriage - you would discover soon enough, and then - you would be sorry. However, you can't be allowed to go on with

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test of a teaspoonful of
Genuine Philips' Milk of
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25c and 50c packages.
Large family size, 200
tablets — \$1.00.

 **NBA**
WE ARE NOT TALKING

esia



[illegible][illegible]

PHILLIPS' Milk of Magnesia

(Continued from Page 21)

And anyway I saw him drive you away from my place the other

"Anyhow," Lea muttered,

-2- 41-

Tool, but... I thought it the best

1-1-1

you," Kathleen returned, keepin

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25

*By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.*

A woman must be lazy indeed who neglects the harmless, simple way to keep her hair beautiful.

FARR'S FOR GRAY HAIR is an inexpensive insurance against graying hair. Easy to use in the hygienic privacy of home; harmless to your lip stick, odorless, greaseless, will not rub off or interfere with curling, leaves the hair soft, lustrous. **NATURAL** color.

— **FREE SAMPLE** —

BROOKLINE CHEMICAL CO., A. W. 25
11-35, Forke Ave. over here,
Send for FREE SAMPLE in plain wrapping.
Name _____
Address _____
City _____ State _____
Zip _____

GIVE ORIGINAL HAIR COLOR.

MORE THAN 5,000,000 families
USE THE AMERICAN
WEEKLY regularly.

longer need you be a
"cathartic habit" if
rected.

in Vitamin A, which
and Vitamins B, D
R Yeast has already
le. Won't you let it
this very day?

***PREDICT NOTED
PHYSICIANS!***

26

EXTRA JUICE



More for your money
BIG SEEDLESS, NAVEL
ORANGES from CALIFORNIA



THEY'RE today's best buy for juice! So ask for **BIG Sunkist Seedless Navel Oranges**. They not only have **RICHER** but **MORE** juice, due to perfect growing conditions in California this year. Easier to peel, slice, segment. See dealer's special on dozens, half-box or box. **1935**. California Fruit Growers Exchange

Sunkist
SEEDLESS ORANGES

HEAD COLDS
? **KONDO'S NASAL JELLY**
At ALL DRUG STORES

REGAL 3 LILLIES 25c
Most beautiful flower...
SPECIAL OFFER
I will send you 100 seeds for 10c...
At ALL DRUG STORES

Cuticura for Live Healthy Hair
Massage the scalp with Cuticura Ointment to remove the dandruff. Then shampoo with a mild of Cuticura Soap to cleanse the hair and restore its natural gloss and vigor. Wash thoroughly. This will keep your scalp in a healthy condition, and a healthy scalp is essential to good hair.
Ointment 25c and 50c. Soap 50c.
Proprietors: Potter Drug & Chemical Corporation, Malden, Mass.

Gray Hair
Best Remedy is Made At Home
You can now make at home a better hair remedy than you can buy by following this simple recipe: To half pint of water add one ounce hair cream, a small tin of Cuticura Soap and one ounce of glycerine. Any detergent can put this on your hair. Wash with it very well. The desired shade is obtained. Cuticura Soap is the best for gray hair. It keeps the scalp cool and moist, and does not rub off.

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Delicious Old Time Recipes

By Mary Lee Swann.
The Well-Known Writer and Lecturer on Cooking.

Georgia Barbecue
(Small Family Style).
ROAST or fry pork spare-ribs, steak or chops as desired. About 10 minutes before removing from heat baste with the following sauce: Simmer 1/2 cup butter with 1 teaspoon sugar, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 tablespoon vinegar, 1/2 teaspoon mustard, a few grains cayenne, 1/2 teaspoon tabasco sauce, 1/2 teaspoon favorite table sauce, 1/2 teaspoon black pepper, 1 teaspoon onion juice, 1/2 clove of garlic and a little paprika.

Spanish Steak.
CHOOSE round steak cut one inch or more thick. Dredge until all flour is absorbed. Season and brown in bacon fat or meat drippings. Cover with a can of tomato soup, add slices of onion and rings of green pepper. Cover closely and simmer for 1 to 1 1/2 hours. Serve in the sauce.

Pumpkin Pie.
MIX 1 1/2 cups steamed and strained pumpkin, 1/2 cup light brown sugar, 1 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon ginger, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 2 slightly beaten eggs, 1 1/2 cups milk and 1/2 cup cream. Bake in one crust. (Just before serving a little honey may be brushed over the top and the pie served with whipped cream.)

Corn Pone.
MIX 1 pint corn meal, 1/2 teaspoon salt and enough water or milk to make of consistency 1 mold. Shape into little flat pies or patties and bake on a hot skillet.

Mince Pie.
MIX and sift 1 1/2 cups sifted pastry flour and 1/2 teaspoon salt. Work in 7 tablespoons shortening. Add 1/2 cup ice water

and mix with a knife until well blended. Keep in ice box until ready to use. Roll thin. Bake pie with two crusts. Have ready a filling made as follows: Press 1/2 pound meat and 1/2 pound suet through meat chopper 2 or 3 times, add 1 cup boiling water, mix well, and add 1/2 pound seeded raisins and simmer gently until meat is very tender. Have ready 3 cups of finely chopped apples and 4 cups of chopped suet. Just before the pie is placed in the oven brush top

add 1/2 cup finely shredded candied grapefruit peel, 1/2 cup finely shredded citron, 1/2 cup jelly, juice and grated rind of 2 lemons, 2 tablespoons vinegar, 1 cup sugar, 1 cup molasses, 1 cup boiled cider, 1 tablespoon cinnamon, 2 teaspoons clove, 2 teaspoons allspice, 2 teaspoons nutmeg, and 1 tablespoon salt. Cook gently until thoroughly hot, add 1 cup nut meats and seal in sterilized glass jars. Use as desired. Just before the pie is placed in the oven brush top

crust with 1/2 egg yolk mixed with 1 tablespoon milk. Bake in hot oven, or at about 425 degrees, for 10 minutes and then reduce to 325 degrees and bake until well browned.

Indian Pudding.
ADD 5 tablespoons corn meal gradually, while stirring constantly, to 1 quart scalded milk and cook over hot water 20 minutes. Add 2 tablespoons butter, 1 cup molasses, 1 teaspoon salt,

1/2 teaspoon cinnamon, 1/2 teaspoon ginger and 2 well beaten eggs. Turn into a buttered pudding dish and pour about 1 cup cold milk over the top. Bake in a moderate oven, or at about 350 degrees Fahrenheit, for 1 hour. Serve hot with or without plain cream, or ice cream or frozen whipped cream.

Pound Cake
(South Carolina Style).

CREAM 1 pound butter carefully. Add 1 pound sifted powdered sugar and continue beating until smooth and creamy. Add 1 pound eggs, one at a time, beating vigorously after each addition. Add 1/2 pound sifted pastry flour and 1/2 teaspoon vanilla and beat until smooth. Turn into a buttered and floured pound cake pan and bake in a moderate oven for about 1 1/2 or 2 hours. If you have an oven thermometer bake the cake for 20 minutes at 350 degrees Fahrenheit. Then reduce heat and bake for 20 minutes at 300 degrees Fahrenheit and then finish cooking at 250 degrees.

Supper Pone Bread
(Mississippi).

S'CAID 1 pint milk and add gradually 1 cup unsifted flour, 1/2 cup sugar and 3 tablespoons butter. Cook slightly and add 2 well beaten eggs and 1/2 cup baking powder. Turn into a buttered baking dish and bake in a moderate oven about 35 minutes.

Lady Baltimore Filling.

MIX 3 cups sugar and 1 cup water. Stir until dissolved. Bring to the boiling point and then stir until it will spin a thread. Pour gradually, while heating constantly, on a beaten egg whites. Continue heating until mixture is stiff enough to spread. Add 1 cup chopped raisins and 1 cup chopped almonds and 5 sliced, dried or candied figs.

Appetizing Menus for the Week

By Mary Lee Swann

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Fruit Cereal Soft Coffee Eggs Toast Coffee Luncheon Cream of Chicken Soup Crisp Custard Tomato and Cauliflower Salad French Dressing Rice Fruit Marmalade Tea Dinner Liver Rolls in Casserole Creamed Potatoes Macaroni Celery Buttered Carrots Ginger Snap Raisin and Raisin Salad Apple Meringue Pie	Breakfast Fruit Whole Grain Cereal Eggs French Toast Coffee Luncheon Cream of Chicken Soup Crisp Custard Tomato and Cauliflower Salad French Dressing Rice Fruit Marmalade Tea Dinner Liver Rolls in Casserole Creamed Potatoes Macaroni Celery Buttered Carrots Ginger Snap Raisin and Raisin Salad Apple Meringue Pie	Breakfast Fruit Cereal Peaches Eggs Graham Toast Coffee Luncheon Creamed Chicken Soup Crisp Custard Tomato and Cauliflower Salad French Dressing Rice Fruit Marmalade Tea Dinner Liver Rolls in Casserole Creamed Potatoes Macaroni Celery Buttered Carrots Ginger Snap Raisin and Raisin Salad Apple Meringue Pie	Breakfast Fruit Cereal Scrambled Eggs Bacon Custard Muffins Coffee Luncheon Vegetable Potatoes Jellied Fruit French Rolls Salad Gingerbread with Whipped Cream Cocoa Tea Supper Fruit Cup Saffron Turkey of Ham Parsley Potatoes Buttered String Beans Lettuce Salad California Dressing Butterscotch Roll	Breakfast Fruit Cereal Omelet Toast Milk Luncheon Flourine Sphagetti Gown Bouquet Salad Dressing Banana Whip Rhubarb Tea Dinner Pudding Sauce Savor Rice Custard Cheese Casserole French Liquor Dessert Pineapple Apple Rhubarb Cream	Breakfast Fruit Cereal Omelet Toast Milk Luncheon Flourine Sphagetti Gown Bouquet Salad Dressing Banana Whip Rhubarb Tea Dinner Pudding Sauce Savor Rice Custard Cheese Casserole French Liquor Dessert Pineapple Apple Rhubarb Cream	Breakfast Fruit Cereal Omelet Toast Milk Luncheon Flourine Sphagetti Gown Bouquet Salad Dressing Banana Whip Rhubarb Tea Dinner Pudding Sauce Savor Rice Custard Cheese Casserole French Liquor Dessert Pineapple Apple Rhubarb Cream

American Weekly Patterns



Pattern 3192—THESE DUTCH GIRL TOWELS WILL MAKE YOUR KITCHEN COLORFUL. Done mostly in cross stitch, they are lots of fun to do, as well as decorative. Pattern 3192 contains transfer of SEVEN different motifs averaging 3 1/2 inches; color suggestions; illustrations of the stitches used and material requirements.

Pattern 3085—SMART AND PRACTICAL FOR LITTLE GIRLS—THE JUMPER WITH BLOUSE-ETTE. Designed for sizes 4, 6, 8, 10 and 12. Size 6 requires 1 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric and 1 1/2 yards contrasting.

Pattern 3191—A CHARMING AFTERNOON FROCK FOR PRINT OR MONOTONE IN COTTON OR SILK FABRIC. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28 and 30. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric and 1 1/2 yards contrasting.

Pattern 3193—THE ROPECK JACKET FRONT LACING VERY NEW IN A ONE-PIECE DRESS. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18 and 20. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards 39-inch fabric and 1 1/2 yards contrasting.

Pattern 3096—MAKE YOUR NEW SPRING

PRINT WITH A DROP SHOULDER AND SHIRRED SLEEVES. Designed for sizes 12, 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards 39-inch fabric and 1 1/2 yards 36-inch contrasting.

Pattern 3190—AN EASY-TO-MAKE HOME FROCK THAT WILL BE EQUALLY ATTRACTIVE OUT-OF-DOORS IN WARM WEATHER. Designed for sizes 14, 16, 18, 20, 22, 24, 26, 28, 30 and 32. Size 16 requires 3 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric and 1 1/2 yards contrasting.

Pattern 3093—A FLATTERING BOLEO FRONT IS EMPHASIZED BY LACE OR PRINT OR CONTRAST BENEATH. Designed for sizes 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46 and 48. Size 36 requires 3 1/2 yards 36-inch fabric and 1 1/2 yards contrasting.

PRICE OF PATTERNS, 15 CENTS EACH. Every pattern contains a large, complete, easily followed sewing guide. To order these easy-to-make patterns, write plainly **PATTERN NUMBERS AND SIZE DESIRED, YOUR NAME, YOUR STREET ADDRESS, CITY AND STATE.** Enclose 15 cents in stamps or coins (coins preferred) for each pattern, and address your envelope to **THE AMERICAN WEEKLY PATTERN DEPT., 635 SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK, N. Y.** Due to wartime conditions, Canadian orders cannot be filled.

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"WHEN DRY COARSE SURFACE CELLS ARE MELTED, NEW SMOOTH SKIN APPEARS"

READ HOW SKIN SOFTENER INSTANTLY SMOOTHS HARSH DRY SKIN

NOW it is known exactly how to make harsh, dry skin smooth, fine-textured—almost instantly.

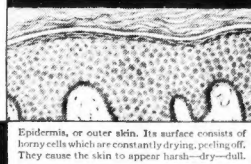
It is an accepted scientific fact that harshness is only stale skin. Yet dead particles which, clinging to your true skin, make it rough. Recent tests actually prove that these dry cells can be melted with a skin softener.

Dermatologist explains how—
"When a keratinized cream comes in contact with the dry, horny surface cells, they melt," a leading dermatologist says. "Then the smooth skin appears. It looks clear and of finer texture."

"This vanishing cream also prevents the too-rapid evaporation of needed skin moisture. Thus it works off, as well as corrects, harshness and dryness."

That is exactly how Pond's Vanishing

Dead, horny particles on surface skin make it rough—dry.



Epidermis, or outer skin. Its surface consists of horny cells which are constantly drying, peeling off. They cause the skin to appear harsh—dry—dull.



Coarse, dry cells melted away. Skin gloriously smooth, fine, transparent.

● Mrs. Alexander Hamilton says: "Nothing keeps away dryness so completely as Pond's Vanishing Cream."

Cream acts when you smooth it on your skin. The very moment this feathery cream touches your skin, scaly cells dissolve. Horny particles vanish. Then your skin looks clearer. Its texture appears finer. More silken. It becomes actually translucent.

Pat it over face, neck, hands, arms

Powder clings indefinitely. Veil your face—neck—hands with this cream during the day, too. It will shield your skin. Powder and make-up will cling fresh and even through the hours. Your skin will have that suave—finest—well-groomed look that invites admiration.

We want you to test this cream before buying. See harshness, dryness melt away and your skin grow silken-smooth with each day's application. Mail this coupon today and we will send a generous 10-day supply.

Mail Coupon For 10-Day Test—

POND'S, Dept. B-2, Clinton, Conn.
I enclose the 10-cent postage and packing for 10 days' supply of Pond's Vanishing Cream with samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and special boxes of Pond's Face Powder. I prefer 3 different LIGHT shades of powder. I prefer 3 different DARK shades of

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Street _____
City _____ State _____
Country _____



EXCLUSIVELY IN
CROSLY
ELECTRIC
REFRIGERATORS

KNITTING WOOL
41 Skeins \$1.00

Fortified superfine yarn. 5 1/2 yards each of 41 different colors.
Sent postpaid upon receipt of price.
Newly Yarns for sale, VEGE, CASH, Cashmere, Zephyrs, Boules, Sweeney, Towards, Flax, Rug Yarns, etc. Price Card of 400 Samples FREE.
Prompt Mail Service

COLONIAL YARN HOUSE
1231-A Cherry St. Phila., Pa.

YOU TRAVEL UNDER A ROOF OF SOLID STEEL
 —in the new

"TURRET TOP" FISHER BODY

*Registered

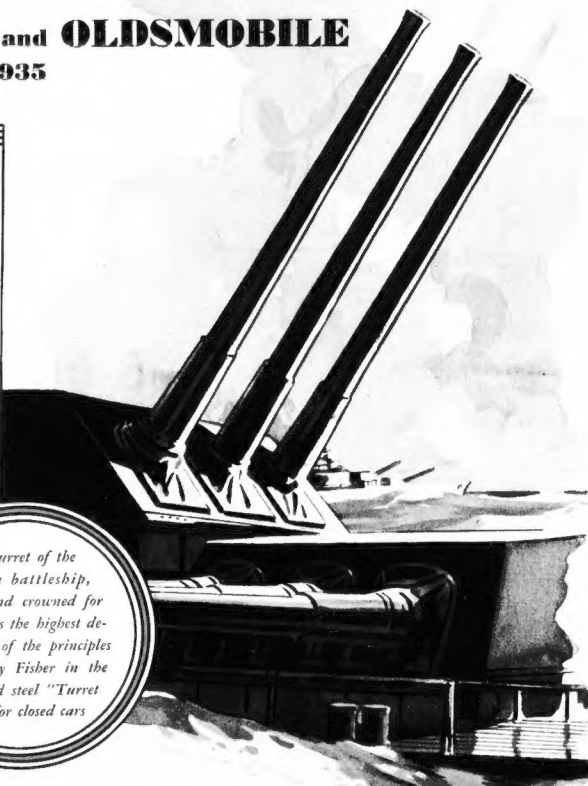
Featured on
CHEVROLET (Master De Luxe Series), PONTIAC and OLDSMOBILE
 Closed car models for 1935



THE New "TURRET TOP"

This is the way the new Fisher "Turret Top" looks—a single seamless sheet of tough drawn steel, steel reinforced with steel like a battleship turret. The "Turret Top" is better-looking, stronger, safe with the safety of solid steel. Equally important, there is no rumble, drum or rattle. After years of experiment at the great General Motors Proving Grounds, we have developed a top that is not only insulated against sound, but that protects you from summer's heat and winter's cold as well.

The turret of the modern battleship, arched and crowned for strength, is the highest development of the principles utilized by Fisher in the new solid steel "Turret Top" for closed cars.



THERE is something satisfyingly NEW in automobile bodies now, something hugely important to every intending buyer of a new closed car.

You can see it for yourself on the 1935 Chevrolets (Master De Luxe Series), Pontiacs and Oldsmobiles—it's the new solid steel "Turret Top" Body by Fisher.

This remarkable new top puts over your head a protection hitherto missing in all closed cars.

This protection is a roof of seamless-drawn steel, steel braced with steel, like the battleship turret from which it takes its name!

As the largest manufacturers of automobile bodies in the world, we have been working for years to design and perfect this difficult construction.

It was far from a simple job, requiring not only the drawing and forming of unprecedentedly large sheets of tough metal, but the designing even of the huge presses to handle the steel.

Which explains why—despite all you have been enthusiastically told of "all-steel" protection—no one has suc-

cessfully built a steel-roofed automobile body until now.

If you want the most complete protection which steel can give you in an automobile, the new "Turret Top" Body by Fisher meets your desires.

Even the solid steel roof is supported by steel-roof-bows and is welded to the other steel body panels.

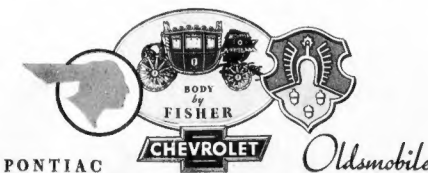
There is no rumble, drum or rattle either—and you are protected from extreme seasonal heat and cold. The safety "Turret Top"—after years of careful experiment at the great General Motors Proving Grounds—is completely and scientifically insulated against sound as well as temperature. Finally, the outstanding beauty of Body by Fisher is

notably enhanced by the smooth, flowing, uninterrupted arch of the roof.

When you examine Body by Fisher for 1935 you'll find other notable advantages—full streamlining, windstream V-type windshield, wider seats, more headroom, bigger doors, more roominess—

And, vitally important to health and comfort, Fisher-pioneered No Draft Ventilation—tested by time, approved by owners, and more expertly engineered, more rugged, more efficient than ever.

And you'll find the solid steel Fisher "Turret Top," now featured on the 1935 Chevrolets (Master De Luxe Series), Pontiacs and Oldsmobiles, just as you will find Body by Fisher, only on General Motors cars.



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 General Motors Symphony
 Concerts
 Sundays 8 P. M., E. S. T.
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Body by Fisher

on GENERAL MOTORS CARS ONLY

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